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Christmas  
1926

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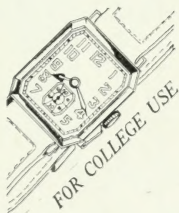
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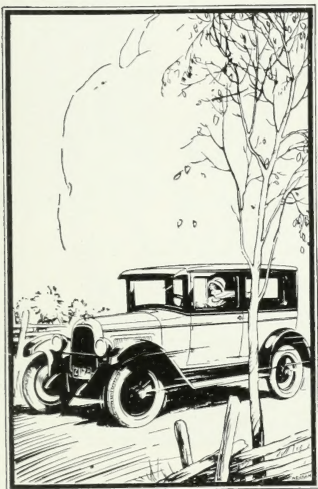
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# The St. Andrew's College Review



## Christmas, 1926

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HER EXCELLENCY, THE VISCOUNTESS WILLINGDON



# Christmas, 1926

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# St. Andrew's College Review

Christmas, 1926

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## EDITORIAL

The editors of this magazine feel that an honour and a responsibility devolves upon them in presenting the first number issued from our new and splendid quarters at Aurora. Critical eyes will search our pages for evidence of the effect which the great Migration may have had on the life and spirit of the School. We trust that the present issue, reflecting as it does the manifold interests and activities of St. Andrew's boys, will convince our well-wishers that the crisis of uprooting is safely overpast, and that the sap of life is running strongly through all the fibres of the transplanted tree.

One convincing sign of vitality is shown in the loyalty of last year's pupils, so many of whom were day-boys up to June. Continuity of tradition and of school-spirit are assured. So great was the enrollment, that at the beginning of the term, construction had to begin at once on a new House—the southern wing of the future Lower-School building. This will accommodate twenty-five boys, and is expected to be ready for occupation shortly after the holidays. With the exception of Mr. Ramsey and Mr. Church, whose loss is equally regretted by masters and boys, we have brought with us to Aurora all of the veteran members of the staff, and take this opportunity of welcoming on behalf of the School the new masters, whose pictures appear on one of our pages.

The football season has been one of brilliant success, notwithstanding the loss of last year's valued coaches, Messrs. Ramsey and Church. As may be read in our football pages, however, their places have been worthily filled.

We have a splendid teaching-staff; a fine set of boys, full of loyalty to the School and its Headmaster, while in physical equipment—gymnasium, swimming-pool, playing-fields, location, fine buildings—we need fear no comparison with any school in Canada. A great opportunity is ours. Let us strive together, in the class-room as well as on the ice or on the playing-fields, to show that the old School has renewed her youth, and is indeed what it sets out to be, a training school for the best type of Canadian manhood.

SANCTI ANDREAE NOVAE SEDES  
MCMXXVI

Quae genius quondam compulsus lampade movit,  
En noster fecit deteriora magus!  
Nil nisi vox venti pecorisque silentia rupit,  
Nunc aula cantus gymnasioque boant.  
Atque ubi nunc pueri clamant per balnea laeti  
Rex tenebris semper carmina rana fuit.  
Quae glaciale gelu fricuit per saecula longa  
Andreas fixit: saxea fulcra foci.  
Agricolae similes qui patribus arva colebant  
Attoniti spectant omnia tacta manu.  
Defessus sulcis umbras transcurrere colles  
Vidit: nunc videat crura voluta luto.  
Et solitus campis aures perstringere cornix  
Cessit; verba nam hic non sua rauca sonant.  
Colluvie potuit lentus vix currere rivus;  
Sordibus ut careat lymppha modesta rogat—  
Nam meminit labi gelidos de montibus imbres  
Quae tristes possint exhilare vias—  
"O redeant nymphae, nunc Faunus ludat in agris,  
Discipulos doceant rustica jura sua.  
Incipiat tandem securum volvere saeculum  
Hinc Andreanis, atque labore vacent.  
Namque suos noscunt arva inter propria soles,  
Sidera nunc coelo non aliena vident."

*For the benefit of our less learned readers—juniors, parents, etc.—Mr. Robinson has supplied an English version, which would be quite worthy, in our opinion, to stand on its own merits.—Ed.*

Aladdin with his lamp  
Could build a palace vast,  
But all Aladdin's art  
Saint Andrew hath surpassed.

Only the wandering wind  
Disturbed the peace profound  
Of silent fields, where now  
The shouts of boys resound.



Blue-canopied with glass  
They swim and toss the spray,  
Where deep-toned frogs at dusk  
Proclaimed their sovereign sway.

Through icy ages long,  
Slow-moving glaciers rolled  
These stones, to form this hearth  
Which now defies the cold.

They toss the ball about,  
In eager contests vie,  
Where tired ploughmen paused  
To watch the clouds go by.

The crow who used to caw,  
So raucously alone,  
Has gone; he hears strange cries  
More raucous than his own.

The stream, which scarcely crept  
Along its sordid way,  
Takes hope—for purer springs  
The modest waters pray:

"The showers from distant hills  
In ages past I drank,  
O may such floods again  
Refresh my gloomy bank!

Let nymphs return," she cries,  
"Let Faunus roam the fields;  
Let rustic gods proclaim  
What joys the country yields!

And may there now begin  
For Andreans years of peace,  
May fortune crown their hopes,  
And all their wanderings cease!

These fields are theirs; for them  
The sun climbs and declines;  
And not on alien star  
In all their heaven shines."

P. J. R.

## THE OLD COLLEGE AS IT LOOKS TO-DAY

The crash of falling plaster and masonry, the roar of a huge bonfire, the groaning and creaking of wooden beams, and the shouting of the workmen—these are the sounds that assail the ear, as the old building which was once St. Andrew's College reluctantly yields to the unmerciful onslaughts of the wrecking-crew.

Chaos and pandemonium where formerly there were order and tranquility. An ocean of broken and crushed bricks, hiding the ground from view. Such is the scene that confronts the eye, as brick by brick the building is slowly but surely demolished.



"Toronto's Finest Residential Development!" so read the numerous signs that have been placed where all may see. So quickly have the lots into which the grounds have been divided been sold, that only five remain. On one lot, fronting on MacLennan Avenue, a new house is half-completed, while on several others excavating crews have already begun operations. Douglas Drive is being extended west to where North Sherbourne Street will run in the near future.

At the old South Gate a sign proclaims that "Trespassers will be prosecuted," while at the North Gate there is a workman's shanty. The old gymnasium is being used as a storehouse for tools and any parts of the building which are considered worth retaining (I may add here that the contractor is a Scotchman). Dr. Macdonald's residence is the only

part of the old college that is to be left standing. It is to be re-built and retained as a private residence.

Across the north end of the grounds a new street with the name of Whitehall Road is to be cut, and there are also several new streets to be made from Douglas Drive to Whitehall Road. In three or four years a newcomer to the city, on contemplating this new development, would not dream that the rows of smart-looking dwellings that he observes are resting on the former site of St. Andrew's College.

No doubt the city will benefit greatly by the addition to its residential attractions, but we cannot but feel sorry that the school and playing-fields so familiar to most of us are already almost obliterated, and have become a "memory and a dream."

PERCIVAL (V.B.).



DUNLAP HALL (CLASS-ROOMS AND OFFICES).

## THE PEARL DIVERS

It is often said that love of a man for a woman is as changeable as the winds; but the love of a man for a brother is everlasting. This statement is illustrated brilliantly by Percival C. Wren in his fine novel, "Beau Geste." It recalls to my memory, however, an incident of the past which, though less romantic than Wren's story of brotherly love, proved equally interesting and an invaluable experience to me.

It was about nine years ago, during my stay on that lonely little island of Korani, that I first began to wish for a sight of home. For three years I had been wandering about the globe, taking chances at whatever crossed my path—anything for an existence, or perhaps for adventure as much as anything else. Finally I landed in Korani as superintendent of a molybdenum mine, but I soon tired of this and wished myself at home. I was weary of the aimless life; the tropical fever, along with poor food, lack of water, the abominable insects and the intense heat of Korani, had left me pale and weak.

On a certain afternoon while languidly gazing across the placid Pacific from my tent, I noticed two strangers rowing into the little landlocked harbor towards the wharf. They proved to be white men from a nearby pearl bed in search of some other white men to join them, and upon discovering that I held the highest position on the island they came to my tent. They talked of the great pearl-beds, a beautiful island, lots of water and good food, plenty of native help and a life of luxury within at least a year. It all sounded like a dream to me, and I realized that anything would be luxury after the melancholy life at Korani; so I threw up my job and joined them.

Two days later I found myself comfortably situated on one of the most picturesque islands of the South Seas. Every promise was fulfilled and my work was reasonable. Each day the rafts were moved to a new location, until finally an exceptionally rich bed was discovered, but to our dismay the lagoon was infested with sharks. I was asked to accompany Borden, the casket-boss, to the new bed for an experimental investigation. We rowed out to the raft with five of the ablest divers, Borden sitting in the stern cursing the unfortunate natives. Scarcely two minutes after reaching the raft, Pina, an expert diver, eager to get to the bottom, dived in without waiting for Borden's consent. For almost three minutes I watched in agonizing suspense the spot where he had disappeared. Presently he arose and climbed aboard with his hands full of shells.

"I no see shark," he said with a broad grin.

In haste we opened the shells, and to our amazement three out of the eight contained fine large pearls.

"Marvellous!" muttered Borden, gloating over the treasure and rubbing his coarse hands together with fiendish satisfaction.

Suddenly he turned upon Pina who was gazing innocently upon the precious gems.

"What are you standing there for! There's lots more down there!" he roared, his heavy jowl and neck reddening with his sudden anger.

Pina again disappeared into the water, creating scarcely any splash at all. Two minutes passed, three minutes, four minutes—six minutes; I was awe-stricken.

"Serves him right," growled Borden. "Come on there you, Kotre, get busy."

"Please no, master; please no! My wife and two——!"

"Move, you dog!" snarled Borden, whipping out a revolver.

A fine young specimen of a native interrupted calmly:

"I his brother. I no marry. I go, master," and he slipped into the water without another murmur. He made no splash nor did he reappear.

It is needless to explain his fate or Pina's. Both of them had joined the throng of native martyrs who have given up their lives that the luxurious tastes of white men and women might be satisfied. Pina's sacrifice was for duty, and the unmarried brother's was one of brotherly love.

CRUSAN (V.A.).



HEADMASTER'S RESIDENCE, HOUSES AND DINING-HALL



For four long weeks this past summer I was a member of the Labour Union, plodding to work every morning at six-thirty, and, after a hard day of toiling and drudgery, trudging home, foot-sore and weary, at six every evening. After "bumming" for nearly six weeks, I had decided to take a chance and see how I fitted in the role of bread-winner. A large paving company informed another fellow and me that they desired our services, so we accepted a job in P——, Ont.

On a certain bright morning in August, there was a rustle and bustle and much throwing around of clothes in a mad effort to make our train. We did make it, however, and, to make a long story short, the Flyer(?) rumbled into the Union station of P—— just before supper. We were rushing blindly into our "great adventure."

On looking around, we decided, to our consternation, that we had taken the wrong stop; all we could see was a dilapidated brick building which modestly boasted itself as a shoe factory. Our fears were soon dispelled, however, when on walking to the rear, to our relief we found the town.

I'm not a member of the P—— chamber of commerce, so I'll confess it looked like any other jerk-water, green-grass town-to us. After a short walk we halted in front of an imposing structure which was evidently the hotel. We entered, and soon had a room engaged to which we were shown. From our window there was a fine view, consisting of the backyard and cow-stables, although more than a view came from the latter. The meals we found weren't bad, except that they were really the same one repeated *ad lib.*, but we got used to them. One old fellow had the irritating habit of stirring his coffee with the sugar spoon and then leaving it in his cup, to the imminent peril of his right eye. After seeing us eat, however, he felt ashamed and moved to another table.

The first night we were told what our jobs would be—a long-



winded tale; and then we went out to see the town, in other words, the Main Street. A few of the more affably inclined natives would shout, "Hello, stranger!", whereupon we'd stop and discuss the weather or the advisability of enlarging the waterworks-system or some such important topic, so that altogether we had a sociable evening, and the next morning we reported on the job.

My friend was shoved on a cement-mixer, while I was made a stone-checker. From then on everything was business, and a sort of hum-drum routine was soon established. There was always a large crowd of natives assembled around the job, most of whom were fascinated by the antics of "Dare-Devil Tom," the steam-roller man. Every afternoon he gave a special performance for the crowd, and a big throng always collected.

Just before the performance, the town plumber, seeking the spotlight, would strut up, and begin to enlighten the crowd as to the internal workings of a steam-roller, but he always retired when Tom appeared. After missing the curb by a scant inch or so, Tom would begin to make lightning circles around, and perilously close to the dumb policeman, and thereby thrill the crowd. This went on until one day the local arm of the law ran out and waving his baton, commanded him in loud tones to cease.

After Tom's downfall nothing much happened. One day though, to my great surprise, what appeared to be a stray herd of cows came walking placidly up the street. I, fearing for the new pavement, was about to play the hero, when a gawky individual appeared and claimed them.

Evenings we would get a glimpse of the wild night-life. Heavy sheiks of the town would parade the length of the main-street and back, seeking to dazzle the eyes of any stray member of the weaker sex. Most of them were products of the town haberdasher and their equipment usually included heavy light tan shoes, size 11, half-masted trousers and white socks.

A big event in the social life of the town was the street dance, held this year in honour of the new pavement. There is always a large turnout and it usually lasts until about four a.m. Almost every second dance is a square dance, while only the younger folks participate. Occasionally some brave individual would give his or her conception of the Charleston, whereon many of the dancers stopped and the crowd clapped and whistled. It gave the natives much amusement and there was a lot of talk about these "new-fangled dances" and the present degeneration of youth.

After this big event nothing much happened until "Circus Day."



If you've never seen a small town on circus day it is pretty hard to describe. All roads for miles around led to the Fair Grounds that day, and early in the morning they were crowded with buggies, derelict automobiles and flocks of Fords with springs and bodies squeaking as if in protest against their almost unbelievable loads.

All day they poured in in a never-ending stream, and the grounds were soon packed with a surging mob of pleasure-seekers. Banners were waving and myriads of toy-balloons lent colour to the scene. The pink-lemonade stands did a flourishing business, while the speakers could be heard above the din, shouting volubly the merits of their respective shows and "If you don't like the show, we will cheerfully refund your money." Then the crowd would surge in with great expectations, but would soon straggle out mumbling, "I knew it was a fake," and would promptly be sucked in again next door.

Long before the main show began, the tent was filled with a noisy crowd clamoring to see the attractions billed. Throughout the performance they applauded everything deafeningly, but when it was over they all tramped out, the men grunting that it was the "same dern thing as last year, ye'll not fetch me there again," and their wives would nod their heads in agreement, while the children said nothing. It's ten to one that they all show up again next year.

We worked for a week after the circus left, but as nothing happened or seemed likely to happen, we decided to tell the boss we were going to leave him. We sprang the news at supper, and, as we expected, he did not seem greatly moved. We collected our earnings, which didn't take long, and as we were about to go he drew me aside and said that if any problems came up, he would write me for advice. I have since come to the conclusion, after much thought, that he was merely "pulling my leg." And so ended my first adventure into the world of "big business."

DAVIS (V.A.).

## LA LETTRE

Par un beau soir du mois d'avril de l'année dernière mon ami Kampé et moi nous trouvâmes vers 9 heures sur la terrasse du café d'Harcourt au boulevard St. Michel. Il faisait un temps splendide—un de ces soirs qui ne se connaissent qu'à Paris juste après la naissance du printemps. Une brise douce soufflait et le ciel étoilé se montrait mystérieux et profond à travers les feuilles nouveau-nées des marronniers du boulevard. Tout le monde cherchait son café, heureux et riant. N'était-ce pas le printemps, la grande saison parisienne?

Mais je remarquai cependant, qu'il n'en était pas de même chez mon ami Kampé. Il était triste . . . il avait même l'air tragique. Sachant bien par sa manière qu'il avait quelque chose de sérieux, je me tins de lui demander ce que c'était; j'en attendais l'explication. La voici:

"Mon Dieu, comme je déteste cette saison-ci," commença-t-il "Je voudrais . . ."

"Et moi, au contraire," répondis-je, "j'en suis fou. Je m'y connais. Il me semble que je ne suis plus moi-même quand le printemps s'en va. Je ne vis que pendant cette saison-ci."

Mon ami Kampé se tourna subitement vers moi.

"Tu sais mon cher, que mon père a été fusillé par les Russes dans la forêt près de son village natal. Je t'ai raconté tout cela une fois. Mais il y a une autre histoire là-dedans que tu ne connais pas.

Mon ami Kampé s'arrêta pour goûter son café. J'attendais avec intérêt cette histoire qu'il allait me raconter. Il en a toujours d'intéressantes. Il y a très peu de gens de son âge qui eussent eu des expériences aussi variées ou aussi rudes que les siennes.

"Et bien," continua-t-il, au bout de quelque temps, "je t'ai dit, la dernière fois que je me sois senti dans l'humeur de parler de ces choses-là, si tu t'en souviens, comment les Bolcheviks étaient venus chez nous; comment ils avaient fusillé tous les principaux bourgeois du village, mon père ayant été parmi les premières victimes; comment nous n'en avions rien su pendant quinze jours; comment nous avons reçu un communiqué officiel nous faisant savoir qu'il avait été fusillé sans nous donner aucune indication du lieu de son tombeau; comment nous l'avions cherché et comment, enfin, il s'était révélé par quelque vêtements que mon père avait jetés par terre au moment même de son exécution. Mais ce que je ne t'ai pas dit en t'ennuyant de . . ."

"Ah non, mon cher," fis-je, "vraiment je proteste. Je ne saurais accepter ce mot-là."

"Comme tu veux," poursuivit Kampé, "je le retire pour dire plutôt: en te relatant tout cela. Eh bien, ce que je ne t'ai pas dit, c'est que pendant que nous cherchions le lieu d'exécution de mon père nous trouvâmes un endroit où, évidemment avaient été fusillés d'autres citoyens de Cèsis, une lettre, adressée à une demoiselle de Riga. Nous la lûmes; elle n'était pas cachetée et l'adresse était dedans. C'était un court épître d'amour. Je la sais par cœur:

Ma bien-aimée,

Peut-être auras-tu un jour cette lettre, écrite à la veille de ma mort. Ne pleure pas ma fin, toi qui m'es si chère, car nous aurons toute l'éternité pour nous aimer. En face de cela, notre court amour mortel, si grand qu'il soit, est une très petite chose.

Et je meurs pour la Patrie . . . *dulce et decorum est pro patria mori* . . . cette pensée me donne du courage. J'aurai, demain matin, la mort glorieuse d'un martyr. Mon sang se joindra à celui d'autres victimes pour produire un impétueux fleuve divin où ces barbares se noieront un jour. Une vie qui se termine ainsi vaut bien la peine d'être vécue, ne le crois-tu pas?

Mais enfin et surtout elle se vaut, cette vie, par raison de notre amour. Oh, je vous aime, je vous aime, mon coeur. Mon amour est la lumière qui va éclaircir les heures ténébreuses qui me restent encore, et sur ses ailes mon âme s'envolera à travers les espaces noirs jusqu'à l'éternité.

Te voilà devant moi; je t'adore, je t'idolâtre.

Adieu, adieu, mon étoile,

PAUL.

Mon ami Kampé s'arrête de nouveau. C'est un conteur de premier ordre que ce garçon. Je ne dis rien, tâchant de masquer mon émotion en allumant une cigarette, mais sans succès. Après quelques instants il reprit son histoire.

Naturellement j'allai tout de suite rendre cette lettre à la demoiselle à qui elle était destinée, dès mon arrivée à Riga en route pour Paris. C'était deux semaines après que je l'eus trouvée. Allant à l'adresse indiquée . . . tu ne connais pas Riga, de sorte que l'adresse ne t'intéresserait point . . . je me découvris dans un quartier neuf de grands appartements. Tu connais ces quartiers comme cette partie neuve de Passy où tout est blanc ou crème ou gris, sans tâche, et généralement de mauvais goût. J'entrai au numéro 25 de la rue que je cherchais, montai au deuxième et sonnai.

On me fit passer par un grand corridor laid dans un salon d'une dégoutante somptuosité à bon marché.

"Veuillez vous asseoir ici, monsieur," me dit la domestique, après que je lui eus donné ma carte et demandé si je pourrais voir mademoiselle Olga Rodenpois, "Madame y sera dans un instant."

J'attendais exactement vingt minutes avant qu'elle ne vînt. Tout le temps je me demandais comment une femme qui avait un salon pareil à la pièce affreuse où je me trouvais, eût pu inspirer dans le cœur d'un homme comme celui qui avait écrit cette lettre des sentiments aussi profonds que ceux qui y étaient exprimés. Tu comprends, mon vieux, que cette lettre m'avait beaucoup impressionné. Je l'avais accueillie comme un abri, une consolation de toutes les horreurs qui se passaient autour de moi. Voici, me disais-je, une histoire merveilleuse. Comme tout ce qui se passe en ce moment, c'est de la tragédie. Mais c'est de la tragédie qui, tout en étant épouvantable, s'adoucit par la hauteur et la grandeur des sentiments que l'on y trouve. Cette adresse à Riga—ainsi je raisonnais—va me révéler une Béatrice. Je vais mettre au jour une histoire, superbement belle, de l'amour d'un martyr et de la fidélité de son amante. Mais mon erreur commençait à se montrer dès mon entrée dans ce salon. J'étais, partiellement au moins, préparé pour ce qui allait arriver.

La chimère fut apparente lorsque je vis mademoiselle Rodenpois. Quelle horreur de femme que celle à qui ma lettre était destinée! Fardée à la midinette, habillée à la dernière mode du music-hall, il ne lui manquait aucun des signes qui distinguent les personnes de sa classe. Elle avait possédé dans le temps une certaine beauté, évidemment, mais à ce moment sa figure portait, en dépit de ses essais piteux de les dissimuler, tous les signes de sa vie mondaine. Cette beauté d'autrefois s'en était complètement allée.

"Vous désiriez me voir, monsieur . . . ?" Elle regarda ma carte. Monsieur Kampé. Je ne crois pas que j'aie eu le plaisir . . . ?"

Sa voix était typique . . . très antipathique et d'un timbre nasal à l'américaine. Une longue minute passa avant que je ne répondisse. Puis:

"Vous êtes mademoiselle Olga Rodenpois?"

"J'étais mademoiselle Rodenpois, monsieur. Depuis une semaine déjà je suis Madame Frédéric von Wenden."

Je dus pâlir, mon vieux. J'avais tellement compté sur ma Béatrice. Ce dénouement était cruel.

"Je vous demande pardon, madame. Je ne savais pas, . . . c'est à dire que je m'attendais à voir . . . ou bien plutôt je n'aurais pas . . . enfin, madame, vous connaissiez, n'est-ce pas, un monsieur dont le prénom était Paul?"

"Ah, ce garçon-là. Si, je le connaissais, monsieur. En effet je le connais toujours,"—ceci en riant légèrement.

"Madame, il est mort," et puis je lui racontai toute l'histoire et à la fin lui donnai la lettre. Elle m'avait écouté sans aucune trace d'émotion; à la fin de sa lecture de la lettre elle rit follement.

"Dis donc, maman," s'écria-t-elle, "ne t'ai-je pas dit que ce garçon Paul était fou? D'abord il m'écrivit une lettre amoureuse d'adieu et ensuite il se fait fusiller par les Bolcheviks." . . . Puis s'adressant à moi. . . ." Je vous remercie de me l'avoir apportée, monsieur. Mais vraiment cette lettre n'a aucune importance."

Elle me regarda.

"Vous . . . vous habitez Riga, monsieur?"

"Je prends le train pour Paris tout à l'heure, madame. Permettez-moi de m'excuser de vous avoir dérangée pour une si petite chose. Adieu."

Lorsque j'étais entré dans cette maison il pleuvait. Lorsque je sortis il faisait un temps splendide comme ce soir. Tout me semblait en désaccord. Voilà pourquoi un soir comme celui-ci me rend triste, mon ami.

Nous rentrâmes bientôt. Le ciel souriait comme si tout allait à merveille.

THOMAS A. STONE.



WATCHFUL WAITING

## SOMETHING ABOUT BEES

It is very interesting to watch the life and habits of these insects, of which there are many kinds. The commonest species in this part of the country is the British or Black bee, though why it should be called black I don't know, for, as a matter of fact, it is of a rich brown colour.

The Ligurian bee is of a lighter shade than the Black bee, and has three golden rings around the abdomen. Then there is the Carnolian bee, which derives its name from the district of Carnolia, in Austria. It also has rings, but of a lighter yellow colour, and the bee itself is not as dark a brown as the Ligurian.

The word "insect" comes from the Latin, and means "divided into parts," and if the body of a bee, or any insect of the same order, is examined, it will be easily seen that it is divided into three distinct parts, which are called the head, the thorax, and the abdomen.

The "antennae," or feelers, as they may be called; the mouth and the eyes are in the head; the wings, legs, etc., are situated in the thorax; and the abdomen contains the stomach and internal organs.

There are three classes of bees, the Queen bee, the Drone, and the Worker. The Queen bee is quite a bit larger than either the Drone or the Worker, and is always closely guarded, as the future of the hive depends on her safety.

Unlike either the Queen or the Worker, the Drone has no sting. You may let him crawl over you hand without fear or injury, even if he becomes angry. His life is one of luxury, but this soon ends, as, before winter comes, they are killed by executioners appointed by other bees.

The Workers are the smallest in size, but, nevertheless, they are the labourers of the hive. Laziness is unknown among them, and if a bee is wounded by any chance it is at once killed by the other bees. It seems cruel, but one must admit that it is economical.

The duties of Workers are numerous. There are water-carriers, nurses, foragers, builders, architects, undertakers, scavengers, chemists and soldiers. Last of all, there are the house-bees, and ventilators. Each Worker is allotted to one of these tasks or trades, and always seems to be about it. There is no quarreling about who shall guard the hive or who shall gather honey, for all seems to be arranged by some mysterious law.

The brain of the bee is a brain in the proper sense of the word. It is, of course, very minute, but all the more wonderful for being so.



The chief nerve centre, or "ganglion," as it is called, is in the head. The word "ganglion" comes from the Greek and means "knot," and it really is a knot of nerves. Other ganglia are situated in the thorax and in the abdomen, but the largest and most important is in the head.

Because of this distribution of nerve-centres, a bee may continue to live, even after a part of its body is severed.

For instance, let us suppose that a bee has its head cut off. One might think that this would at once be fatal, but it will continue to walk about the hive with quite an important air, although it will die in the end of starvation. If, while a bee is gathering honey, its abdomen be cut off, it will go on gathering in blissful ignorance of the fact, and if you were to pick up the abdomen it would most likely squirm about, trying to bury its sting in your flesh.

All the parts of the bee are wonderful pieces of mechanism, but perhaps the most wonderful of all are the "antennae" or "feelers". The antennae serve many purposes. The bees find their way in the dark with them; they smell with them, and, strange to say, the ears are situated in them.

This is certainly a queer place, but among insects ears are in many queer places. For instance, the ears of crickets and grasshoppers are in their legs, while a kind of shrimp, called the Mysis, actually has its hearing apparatus in its tail. The antenna of a worker-bee consists of one long joint and eleven small ones. The long one is called the "scape," meaning a shaft or stem, and the small ones are called the "flagella," from a Latin word meaning "little whip."

The same tiny head is provided with two large "compound" eyes, as they are called. If these eyes are examined with a microscope, it can be seen that they are lovely objects. They are of a purplish-black colour, and look as if they were covered with the finest satin, when they glisten in the sunlight.

These eyes are composed of a multitude of six-sided cells, called "facets."

At one time it was supposed that *each* facet of a compound eye made a separate image of the object to which it was directed, but what possible use could there be in a bee seeing, not one, but several thousand flowers, exactly alike? It is much more likely that every facet forms a picture of only one part of an object, the whole combining to make a single image.

Although it might be thought that these are enough for any purpose, yet we find that the bee has three "simple" eyes as well. They are



situated at the top of the head, and are arranged in a triangle, like this :

It has been proved that bees can distinguish colours, and also that they possess a memory.

Pieces of blue, yellow, and red paper are obtained, and slips of glass placed on each, with a bit of honey on the blue. A bee is caught, and placed on the honey. It gathers some, and flies back to the hive. It is allowed to make the journey about five times, and then the honey is transferred to the yellow. The bee comes back, lights on the blue paper, seems puzzled, and finally discovers it on the yellow.

The fact that it came back to the blue proves that it has a memory and that it can distinguish between colours.

MACDONALD, II. (IV.A.).



LOOKING NORTH FROM HEADMASTER'S RESIDENCE

## A FRENCH-CANADIAN BARN-RAISING AND WEDDING

This summer, when I was spending my holidays in the Laurentian Mountains, I heard that there was to be a barn-raising, house-building and wedding in our vicinity. The bride and groom-to-be were a youthful French-Canadian couple, each perhaps about twenty-two or twenty-three years old.

When anything in the nature of a barn or house is to be built, the whole village and surrounding district turns out and sets to work, and does not stop until it is finished.

The first things to be built were the two roof trusses of the barn; these are in the shape of a huge triangle and are made of six-inch timber. Next, the sides and ends were erected; these, like the roof trusses, were also of six-inch timber. When the sides are firmly fastened in place the trusses are hoisted up. The barn now begins to look like something. All this work has taken about two or three days, and the shingling of the roof and the boarding of the walls takes another three or four days. If the owner wishes to appear very wealthy, he may give the barn a coat or two of paint, but this owner, being young and newly married, has not a superabundance of cash. The stalls and grain-bins, etc., being put in, the barn is finished and they turn their attention to the house.

The building of the house has taken about a month, and another two weeks will be required to finish it completely. The man who makes chairs and tables has been very busy for the past month turning out his specialty. The chairs are made of some hard wood, with a laced raw-hide seat, and are very comfortable. The tables are very plain and unfinished, but after about five years these will become well polished from the countless meals which have been eaten off them, and the numberless arms that have sprawled over them.

The exterior of the house is left unpainted, but as soon as we open the door we are dazzled by the riot of colour. The floors are painted a bright orange, the walls and ceilings a vivid green, and the stairs and bannisters a brilliant blue. The chairs which yesterday were white and unsullied by paint, are now resplendent in a glaring coat of red. The Frenchman's love of colour does not end here, for we find that in the bathroom (for a "habitant" occasionally does take a bath despite the rumors to the contrary) he has gilded the outside and painted the inside silver.

We go outside again, and, in the space left for a garret window,

we find a beautiful stained-glass affair of alternate squares of red and gold. True, you cannot see through it, but just think how stylish it looks!

The house and barn are now finished, and the bride and groom are safely married, and now comes the great event, the house-warming and wedding breakfast.

A long table runs the length of the barn, and it groans with good things to eat that are dear to the heart of the "Canadien," such as thick pea-soup, catfish, johnny cake and many other dainties. The barn itself, as well as the inside of the house, is decorated with garlands of ground cedar and partridge-berries and young fir trees.

After a huge meal the real fun begins. This consists of a dance, and dancing and feasting are kept up for four days, during which time the guests have only a little sleep and go back to the party again.

The dances are the old-fashioned square ones and last from twenty-five to thirty minutes each. The music is furnished by two small-boy fiddlers who saw out the same tune, consisting on this occasion of about ten bars repeated over and over again. I was present about an hour and at the end of that time I was so worn out that I went home and collapsed into bed.

F. W. L. BROWN (V.B.).



THE CHEER LEADER

## A WESTERN SUNSET

At last another day is done,  
And in the west the setting sun  
Now spreads its splendor o'er the sky;  
All work is ceasing, night draws nigh,  
And once again the dusk is here,  
The sun must sink and disappear.

The day's dull care is left behind,  
And man, to rest his weary mind,  
May sit and gaze, at eventide  
Away across the country-side,  
Where now spread out in brilliant glow  
The setting sun is sinking low.

In blazing red it seems to rest,  
A ball of fire, low in the west;  
And now, reflected from the clouds,  
Envelops them in purple shrouds,  
As, slowly sinking down from sight,  
It still pours forth its lingering light.

The purple clouds are drifting by  
With golden edges through the sky;  
The background, now a perfect blue,  
Midst rifted clouds is peeping through;  
And next the clouds seem to divide  
And tower aloft on either side.

'Tis then the opening reveals  
The parting glory, where there steals  
A fiery shaft of blazing light,  
Just where the sun, sunk down from sight,  
Is shedding forth its farewell ray  
To mark the closing of the day.

Then slowly fades each lingering beam,  
And in the west the golden gleam  
Has left the sky; the dusk is past,  
And darkness comes, until at last  
The stars shine out across the night,  
And bathe the earth in soft, white light.

R. W. BEACH.

## TRAINED FLEAS

Training fleas is the hobby of some of the most outstanding members of our community. The blacksmith, the barber and the policeman, all have it as their principal occupation in spare time. Catching these fierce animals requires quite a lot of courage and ingenuity; for they are very wary. When hard-pressed for food they will go to the extremity of biting people.

If you sprinkle powder on your comforter or blanket, it will attract the flea, which finds the blanket so warm and nice that it wants to stay there. This is how you induce them to come within range for capture.

One of the easiest ways of catching them is to take your bed outside into an open field. Then you rent an airplane, and going up to the altitude of ten thousand feet or more, you jump out. On the way down you gain such terrific speed and force, that you take any sleepy flea, which may happen to be in the bed, unawares; usually you knock him off his balance. If it is your lucky day, you might light on the bed once in seven or eight attempts, but it usually takes eleven or even twelve.

When you have got the flea down on its back in such a position that it cannot get away, you tie its front and hind paws securely together. It can then be easily transferred to the cage, which is provided with bars about half-an-inch thick. Every time your flea jumps at the bars and tries to get out, you hit him over the head with a crow-bar. Ten or twelve days suffices to bring the flea into subjection. He is now ready for the easy task of training.

To train fleas, you have to have a large room with a round table in the centre. Also you have to look like a flea and own a glass which, when you are looked at through it, will make you appear smaller. First, you put such a glass against each side of the cage. Then you start dancing all around the room. The flea looks at you, and as you look like a flea and the glass makes you look the same size as a flea, he mistakes you for one. Being very imitative, he also jumps up and down. In this condition he will do anything you do, after a few minutes practice. For this reason, training fleas is the easiest hobby known to science.

R. A. GRANT (V.A.).

## AMERICAN AND CANADIAN RUGBY

Since the recent exhibition of American football in Toronto there has been a great controversy concerning the respective merits of the American and Canadian game. Before the contest, there were not very many people in Toronto who had seen a real game of football played under the American rules.

In the last few days there has been much discussion in the papers concerning the contrasting rules of play, but it seems that all think more of the Canadian game than of that played across the line, because of the more open field-running in the former.

The spectators who are watching the game for its own sake and not to see which team is the best, will not appreciate American Rugby as they would our game: they find it too complicated. The quarter-back calls the signals and the ball is snapped out to him. Then it is lost to sight till it is dead. No one knows where the ball came from or who took it, unless it happened to be a straight buck or a forward pass; whereas in the Canadian game the spectator can generally follow the ball with his eye.

The Forward Pass in American Rugby would be a good addition to our game if it were used as our Onside Kick is. If the opposing side get the ball on a forward pass, it is returned to where the play started, and the team who used the play once more have possession of the ball, with only the loss of a down against them. It would appear to be fairer if the side that captured the ball should retain possession where they received it.

Also, under the American rules, they allow running Interference, which is prohibited in the Canadian game. In this way the ball-carrier can be protected by his team-mates from tackles, and thus he is able to gain many more yards than he would have done ordinarily. But, on the other hand, it may be argued that "interference" brings into play men who would be doing nothing if it were not allowed, and therefore that there are more men in the game and that it tends to make it more interesting. There is in Canadian Rugby more kicking than in the American, and our game is all the more spectacular in consequence.

So, I believe that, while Canadian Rugby is more interesting from the spectators' point of view, it could be improved by a few of the American rules, which may eventually be adopted.

STRONACH (L.VI.).



# SCHOOL NEWS



## LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR VISIT

On November the second His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor made an informal visit to St. Andrew's College and spoke to the boys in the Assembly Hall. In introducing Colonel Cockshutt, Dr. Macdonald informed the students that His Honour had consented to become a member of the Board of Governors of St. Andrew's College. After the ensuing applause had died down the Lieutenant-Governor made a short speech to the boys in which he emphasized the need of truthfulness in our everyday life. He concluded by asking for a half holiday, which was granted amid cheers from the school. Later, accompanied by Dr. Macdonald, Colonel Cockshutt made a tour of inspection of the buildings.

D. M. D.

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## THE MEET OF THE HUNT CLUB

On the afternoon of October 27th about thirty members of the Toronto Hunt Club, led by Mr. Beardmore, M.F.H., hunted on the school's property.

The party assembled shortly before 2.30 o'clock and before setting out were entertained by Mrs. Macdonald.

The hunt started later from behind the school buildings.

Although there was no kill the participants had a very enjoyable run.

The advent of a "Meet" was something new to the majority of St. Andrew's College boys.

F. W. H.

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## THE FRENCH CLUB

Under the leadership of Mr. Stone, one of the new masters, a French Club has been formed this term. The membership has been purposely kept down to a small number of boys who show special interest in French.



Books depicting French life and customs, as well as the country itself, are being read. A French play will be read in the near future, and it is hoped that a part of it will be presented at the "Lit."

A master's group has also been organized, and at present are studying a modern French play, "Robert et Marianne" by Paul G  raldy. Discussion is held in French, English being ruled out. Later on it is hoped that the two groups will work together.

F. W. H.

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### THE CAMERA CLUB

Among the many conveniences provided in the new school are two dark rooms. One of these has been equipped for ordinary tank or tray development and is also equipped with a handy little printing outfit. So far the Club has just been organizing. The officers for the year are: President, W. L. Lovering; Secretary, D. A. Mercer. A few boys have done a little developing and printing with quite satisfactory results. We hope that more boys will take advantage of the facilities provided. The Club keeps a small general supply of chemicals on hand for the members to draw upon. From time to time we intend to give a small display of the work done in the dark room.

GEORGE A. REID.

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### THE ORCHESTRA

Music has been progressing apace in the school since the beginning of this term, each day revealing some new talent. The orchestra, under the able baton—as they say—of Hunnisett I has been making rapid strides. It would not be quite fair, however, to give all the credit to the leader. He could not have done so well without having had the splendid material which was at his hand at the beginning. Not only are the members of the orchestra all excellent performers on their respective instruments; they are also faithful, which is the other 50% of the battle.

Moffat is, of course, an invaluable man in an orchestra. The pure clear tones which come from his violin when he plays for us at "Lit" are the same which we have the pleasure of hearing each morning in chapel and around which a splendid ensemble is being built. Our two saxophones are excellent. And in passing we should admire Craig for the very commendable self-restraint and patience which he exercises in not "jazzing-up" the hymns on Sunday evening!

The first public appearance of the orchestra was in the gymnasium

on Prize Day. Of their playing it is not necessary to speak at any great length. The enthusiastic praise which has come from all quarters since the event is enough to give anyone who was so unfortunate as not to hear them proof of the excellent entertainment which they rendered. Of their tremendous contribution to the success of the afternoon we feel that we must say a word. The boring and tiresome moments of any function are unfortunately nearly always the ones which impress themselves most strongly in the minds of those present. Thanks to our orchestra there were no such moments during the afternoon of November the 18th. For the admirable way in which they put life into that otherwise dead period when people are being seated we owe them our most sincere thanks.

We hope to hear from the orchestra at "Lit" in the early part of next term. They are planning to work up some more good music—and, of course, they will have to have eventually a "jazz" repertoire. Everything points to a very successful year.

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## THE LITERARY SOCIETY

The "Lit." is primarily a boys' society, a committee of whom, together with an appointed master, prepare programmes which are presented each Friday evening. This year we have an abundance of talent among the boys, so that there is no difficulty in arranging these.

Mr. Laidlaw, our genial house master, who for several years acted as president of the Literary Society, has been forced to resign this office due to his increased duties in the house. To him I take this opportunity of tendering our thanks for his past work and encouragement.

His place is being ably filled by one of our new masters, Mr. D. E. Cecil Wood, formerly of Ashbury College, Ottawa, who, during his overseas service in the Great War, became exceptionally well acquainted with this kind of work due to his close connection with soldier's entertainments. The remainder of the officers for the year are: 1st Vice-President, W. O. Lentz; 2nd Vice-President, J. L. Brown; Secretary, W. D. Squires; Historians, A. R. McLennan, D. M. Dunlap, O. P. Smily. We have been very fortunate this year in having with us two new masters in Flavell House—Mr. Stone, an accomplished pianist, and Mr. Sherrell, a baritone. To these masters we also offer hearty thanks for brightening up our programmes.

I would like very much to write at greater length about our Literary Society, our two open meetings, the first when we were entertained by four talented young ladies from Toronto and the second when Mr. Wes. Hunnisett gave an illustrated talk on his trip around the world, and our

Lower School night, which we are all looking forward to, but space and time do not permit too lengthy an account of this branch of our school life.

W. D. S.

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## CADET CORPS

On November the 18th a Guard of Honour, composed of the older boys of the school, was inspected by His Excellency. Notwithstanding the adverse weather conditions His Excellency was highly pleased with the steadiness and general appearance, and particularly expressed his delight at the efficiency of the band. The Guard of Honour had only



one week in which to prepare for Prize Day, and they are to be complimented upon for their faithfulness in turning out promptly and doing everything to make it a success. Last year, owing to the number enrolled, the Corps had only three platoons. The enlistment is considerably larger this year, and once again we shall have the four platoons. With the exception of the Guard of Honour, the Corps has not turned

out, but drills are expected to commence very soon. We are fortunate in having Sergeant-Major Milligan with us constantly, and so the school looks forward to having an unusually smart Corps.

The following is the appointment of officers:

*Captain*—Squires, W. D.

*No. 1 Platoon*—Lieut. Lentz, W. O.

*No. 2 Platoon*—Lieut. Herald, J. W.

*No. 3 Platoon*—Lieut. Slater, N. D.

*No. 4 Platoon*—Lieut. Smily, O. P.

*O.C. of the Band*—Brown, J. L.

W. O. L.



## PRIZE DAY AND THE VISIT OF THEIR EXCELLENCIES

Thursday, November 18th, was a memorable day in the annals of the School. The new buildings were formally opened by their Excellencies, the Governor-General and the Viscountess Willingdon, who also presented the annual prizes and medals.

It might be said that the day was memorable also for the efforts of the weather—luckily unsuccessful—to spoil the occasion. The down-pour of November 18th was the grand climax to the wetness of an unusually rainy autumn, and this, combined with the unfinished condition of the grounds and the resultant mud, made matters somewhat uncomfortable for the throng of guests, and prevented the splendid buildings and surroundings from appearing to full advantage. It was indeed a triumph of management that things were not more uncomfortable than they were, and that the motor-traffic in particular was so well handled.

In spite of it all, the occasion was one of great cheerfulness and enthusiasm, and for this we are first and foremost indebted to the example set by their Excellencies, who by an easy charm of manner and by their obvious interest in everything—and we may add, their equally obvious sense of humour—put everyone at ease, and made us indifferent to the elements.

With the punctuality which is said to form the “politeness of kings”, their Excellencies arrived at 12.30 to the minute, and were received by Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald, while the National Anthem was played by the band. The inspection of the Guard of Honour was held forthwith (an account of this is given elsewhere). Shortly afterwards the Staff of the school were presented, and then their Excellencies made a prolonged and thorough inspection of all the buildings, Lady Willingdon even insisting on sampling the sandwiches provided for the boys' luncheon! Meanwhile a party of guests—governors of the College and other notables, including the Heads of the School Houses, and Mr. Robinson representing the teaching-staff, had assembled for luncheon at the Headmaster's residence.

The Prize-giving ceremony was set for two-thirty, but long before that hour—in motors, by street-car and on foot—guests had been arriving from the city, as well as from Aurora and Newmarket. The great gymnasium, with seats for eight hundred, was soon jammed to the doors, and some of our visitors were forced to content themselves with a view of the proceedings in dumb-show from the window on the stairs.

The wait until their Excellencies appeared was beguiled by the



excellent playing of the school orchestra, to which special reference is made elsewhere. As the Vice-regal party entered, they played the National Anthem. Among those on the platform were: Mr. J. K. Macdonald, Sir Joseph Flavelle, Chief-Justice Sir William Mulock, Mr. Fr. A. Rolph, Mr. Victor Ross, Mr. R. Y. Eaton, Sir John Gibson, Principal Griffith, Major Carr-Harris, Mr. W. B. MacPherson, Dr. J. S. Graham, Mr. Gordon T. Cassels, Rev. James Little, Rev. John Neil Dr. Wishart.

The Headmaster opened the proceedings by a short reading from Scripture and prayer, after which he delivered an address of welcome to his Excellency. In his speech Dr. Macdonald stressed the fact that, although a Canadian school, British tradition and British connection are very precious to us. To the British Empire the Kingship was symbolic of all that is best in the achievements of our race, and in particular towards the present Sovereign, Canadians felt an affectionate personal loyalty. "But not only as His Majesty's representative are you always more than welcome at St. Andrew's College. Because of yourself we are honoured by your presence here. Your own achievements are not unknown to us. We recognize that to-day we have with us a great Pro-consul, who justly can look back over years, not a few, of strenuous and effective effort for King and Country . . . and, may I add that in school such as this, not the least of your achievements is the fact that you are a great cricketer."

Turning to her Excellency, the Headmaster welcomed her to the School and assured her of a warm place in the hearts of boys and masters.

Proceeding, Dr. Macdonald spoke of the satisfactory scholastic and athletic record of the year, and the distinctions gained by Old Boys, with particular reference to the Hon. Vincent Massey, recently appointed first Canadian Ambassador at Washington.

In speaking of the new buildings, the Headmaster pointed out the intention, in their design, to minimize an institutional effect. The "Houses" had been kept separate from the class-rooms. The architecture was solid and dignified, but unpretentious. Here some words of acknowledgement were given to the architects, Messrs. Marani and Paisley; to the contractors, Yates and Co. of Hamilton, who had so faithfully lived up to their agreement, and to Mr. Power the superintendent. Grateful mention was then made of the friends who had made the whole undertaking possible, in particular the late Mr. D. A. Dunlap, Sir Joseph Flavelle, Lady Eaton, Mr. T. A. Russell, Mr. A. H. Campbell.

In conclusion, Dr. Macdonald spoke of the encouraging enrollment this year, the promise of the future and the recent accessions to the Staff.

Sir Joseph Flavelle, as Chairman of the Board of Governors, in introducing his Excellency to the School, said that it was incumbent on

all connected with the College to see that under their guidance, and with such magnificent equipment, the boys attending St. Andrew's grew in stature and were of service to God and the State.

The Proficiency prizes were then presented by his Excellency and the special prizes by Lady Willingdon. Major Carr-Harris presented the School with a beautiful photograph of the Memorial Arch of the Royal Military Academy, and with a copy of the R.M.C. Honor Roll. His Excellency then addressed the gathering.

He began by a rueful disclaimer of the Headmaster's description of him as a cricketer *to-day*. He congratulated the boys on the wonderful buildings and playing-fields they were favoured with, in which to exercise their brains and bodies in a way he had not had an opportunity to do when he was a boy. He said that coming to a school like this made him feel that Canada and the Empire were "all right". When he was governor of Madras he had wanted to develop the forest resources, and having no forestry experts, had only to send to Canada to secure two men who were now in control of the work in India. That, he said, was the spirit he wished to see throughout the whole of the British Empire.

Continuing in a lighter vein, he referred to his visit to another school, and how he had met the father of one of the boys, who informed him that he was regarded as a "good egg" by the boys because he had asked for a holiday. He wished the boys of St. Andrew's to consider him a "good egg" too, so he would make the requisite request to Dr. Macdonald (the request, of course was immediately granted). His excellency concluded by saying that he would like very much to revisit the School—"but don't ask me," he added, "to play cricket."

After the ceremony everyone adjourned for refreshments to the dining rooms of Flavell and Memorial Houses—thrown into one for the occasion. Here, owing to some break-down in the power-plant at Aurora, the lights all went off suddenly and remained off for about an hour. It made it hard for friends to find each other, but everyone took the incident in good part, and when it was time for an impromptu dance in the Assembly Hall, conditions were normal again. Dancing was kept up until 6.30, and soon after that the throngs of visitors had dispersed, and the great day was over.

## PRIZE LIST

### YEAR'S WORK

#### *Preparatory Form*

#### *Group A*

1st General Proficiency.....Campbell, J. R. P., III



*Group B*

1st General Proficiency.....Rea, P. C., III

*Group C*

1st General Proficiency.....Chapman, H. D., II

*Form I*

1st General Proficiency.....Eaton, A., III

2nd " ".....Kingsmill

*Form IIA*

1st General Proficiency.....Ritchie

2nd " ".....Annand

*Form IIB*

1st General Proficiency.....Gurnell

2nd " ".....Barrett

3rd " ".....Waller

*Form IIIA*

1st General Proficiency.....Morlock

2nd " ".....Parker

3rd " ".....Rhynas

4th " ".....Rea, F. T., II

*Form IIIB*

1st General Proficiency.....Laurin

*Form IVB*

1st General Proficiency.....Sprott, M. F., II

2nd " ".....Reive

*Form IVA*

1st General Proficiency.....Black

2nd " ".....Bascom

3rd " ".....Hume

4th " ".....Eaton, J., I

*Form VA*

1st General Proficiency.....White, H. F., II

*Form VB*

1st General Proficiency.....Rea, D. K., I

2nd " ".....Wilson

*Lower VIA*

1st	General Proficiency	Savary
2nd	" "	Coleman

*Lower VIB*

1st	General Proficiency	Henderson
2nd	" "	Horsfall, W. H. D., I

*Upper VI*

1st	General Proficiency	Dunlap, J. C., I
2nd	" "	Reid, G. A., I

Head Prefect's Prize	Dunlap, J. C., I
Governor-General's Medal	Dunlap, J. C., I
Lieutenant-Governor's Silver Medal	Reid, George A.
Lieutenant-Governor's Bronze Medal	Savary, A.
The Chairman's Gold Medal	Savary, A.
Wyld Prize in Latin	Dunlap, J. C., I
	Green, J. L., I
The Isabelle Cockshutt Prizes in History	Wilson, H. A.
	Hannam, R. S.
Old Boys' Medal in Mathematics	Reid, G. A., I
Ashton Medal in English	Savary, A.
Cooper Medal in Science	Horsfall, W. H. D., I
Georges Etienne Medal in French	McLean, R. G., I
Hulbig Prize in Mathematics	Coleman, J. U.
Laurence Crowe Medal	Kirkland, W. C.
Thorley Medal	Reid, G. A., I
Christie Cup	Elliott, F. G.
48th Highlanders' Chapter of the I.O.D.E. Rifle	
(for Proficiency in Shooting)	Savary, A.

**HONOUR LIST**

66% and over

Midsummer Exams.

*Preparatory Form**Group A*

1st	Green, J. L., II
2nd	Chapman, W. R., I
3rd	Campbell, J. R. P., III

3rd	Hendy
	Hetherington
5th	Wetterau
6th	Connell

*Group B*

1st	Rea, P. C., III
2nd	Russell, K., VI

*Group C*

1st	Chapman, H. D., II
2nd	Careless
3rd	Palmer

- 4th.....Hindmarsh  
 5th.....Holden  
 6th.....Campbell, J. G., IV  
 7th.....Webber, H. A., II

*Form I*

- 1st.....Eaton, A., III  
 2nd.....Kingsmill  
 3rd.....Kates  
 4th.....Cleman  
 5th.....Slingsby

*Form IIA*

- 1st.....Ritchie  
 2nd.....Annand  
 3rd.....(Maddocks, F. R., II  
               Richardson, G. A., I)  
 5th.....MacAgy  
 6th.....McLean, J. G., IV  
 7th.....Ruddy  
 8th.....Barclay

*Form IIB*

- 1st.....Waller  
 2nd.....Gurnell  
 3rd.....Barrett  
 4th.....West  
 5th.....Russell, J. D., V  
 6th.....Hunnisett, H. S., II  
 7th.....Eaton, E. R., II  
 8th.....Bowes

*Form IIIA*

- 1st.....Morlock  
 2nd.....Rhynas  
 3rd.....Parker  
 4th.....Macdonald, C. C., IV  
 5th.....Rea, F. T., II  
 6th.....Sinclair, E. H., I  
 7th.....Burson, G. E., I

- 8th.....Barber, R. S., III  
 9th.....Grant, R. A., II  
 10th.....Kerr  
 11th.....Temple  
 12th.....Strathy  
 13th.....Cosgrave, J., I  
 14th.....Gordon, T. A., II

*Form IIIB*

- 1st.....Laurin  
 2nd.....Bridgman

*Form IVB*

- 1st.....Sprott, M. F., II  
 2nd.....Reive

*Form IVA*

- 1st.....Black  
 2nd.....Bascom  
 3rd.....Percival  
 4th.....Hume  
 5th.....Eaton, J., I  
 6th.....Crusan  
 7th.....Browne, K. W., II

*Form VA*

- 1st.....White, H. F., II

*Form VB*

- 1st.....Rea, D. K., I  
 2nd.....Marsh

*Lower VIA*

- 1st.....Savary  
 2nd.....Phin, S. R., II

*Lower VIB*

- 1st.....Young  
 2nd.....Henderson  
 3rd.....Horsfall, W. H. D., I

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# ATHLETICS

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## THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

This year's Athletic Association is, perhaps, one of the best the School has had of late years.

The officers and the committee are very much interested in this phase of the school life.

Any work which the officers and committee have been called upon to do has been done well and a good year is hoped for in athletics.

The Officers of the Association for 1926-1927 are:

<i>Hon. President</i> .....	Dr. Macdonald
<i>President</i> .....	Mr. Chapman
<i>1st Vice-President</i> .....	Lentz
<i>2nd Vice-President</i> .....	Wilson
<i>Secretary</i> .....	Brown I., J. L.
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	Reid
<i>Curator</i> .....	Foster

### Committee:

<i>Upper Vith</i> .....	Lovering and Slater
<i>Lower VIA</i> .....	Rolph
<i>Lower VIB</i> .....	Lough I., C. D.
<i>VA</i> .....	Sprott
<i>VB</i> .....	Miller
<i>IVA</i> .....	Strathy
<i>IVB</i> .....	Gordon II., T. A.
<i>IIIrd Form</i> .....	Russel II., W. M.

F. W. H.

## BASKETBALL

With the building of our new gymnasium many indoor sports were planned, among these was basketball. ▶ ▶

A committee consisting of Mercer and Lovering has been appointed and teams chosen.

There are five teams, comprising thirty-five players, who play on Tuesdays and Thursdays according to schedule.

Many boys are rapidly learning the game, and when more experience has been gained inter-school games will undoubtedly be arranged.

F. W. H.

## SWIMMING

The late Sir John Eaton had intended to give to the school a swimming pool, but owing to his death the matter was delayed. However, Lady Eaton, on learning that we contemplated moving to Aurora, generously consented to carry out his promise. The pool itself is an exceedingly fine one. It is sixty feet long by twenty feet wide and has an unusual amount of ventilation and light, which gives to it a pleasant atmosphere. Steps are being taken to organize a swimming and polo team which may compete with other schools and Y.M.C.A. teams during the winter term.

W. O. L.



# Riding



The moving of the school from Toronto to Aurora was an excellent idea from the viewpoint of all those interested in horse-back riding. North Rosedale was becoming pretty well built up in our last year there, and we certainly appreciate the country we ride in at present. Mr. Bishop has six school horses and five others, belonging to boys at the school. Next year we shall have a fine new stable behind the school with accommodation for 20 horses, and as everybody is keener on riding we expect to have even more success in our new school than we had before in this environment.

R. W. A.

## BADMINTON

Badminton was introduced into the school last year, but very few boys played it. This year the game has gained such popularity that a committee was appointed by the Athletic Association and a club of seventy boys has been formed.

Games are played three afternoons a week, under the supervision of the committee.

A "Challenge Board" has been started and rivalry due to this has greatly improved the playing.

The majority of the boys are beginners, while there are some who have shown real ability.

The Badminton Committee is composed of the following boys: Craig, Rolph, Carson and Dunlap. Armstrong I has been appointed secretary.

F. W. H.

## THE SENIOR CROSS-COUNTRY RACE

The Annual Cross-Country Run was held on November 17th. Owing to the incessant downpour of rain the ground was exceptionally muddy. This hindered the runners considerably, and made it almost impossible to make good time. Herald, by winning the race, gets his name on the Wallace Cup and the gold medal. Jack was off to a poor start, but after the first mile he gradually crept up until he reached second place, where he trailed Carson almost to the finish. A sprint of almost two hundred yards brought him in first with Carson second and Giraldo third. Because of the large number of entries a cake was given for the first boy from each form.

The following were cake-winners:

<i>1st Team</i> .....	Reid I
<i>2nd Team</i> .....	Craig
<i>Prefects</i> .....	Lentz
<i>Upper VI</i> .....	Cover
<i>Lower VI</i> .....	McLean
<i>V</i> .....	Duggan
<i>IV</i> .....	Batchelor
<i>III</i> .....	Kennedy
<i>1st Flavelle House</i> .....	Follett I
<i>Upper Flat Memorial</i> .....	Barber
<i>Lower Flat Memorial</i> .....	Crusan
<i>Stewards</i> .....	c/o Armstrong

W. D. LENTZ.



THE MEET OF OCTOBER 27TH



## THE HOCKEY PROSPECTS FOR 1926-1927

This year, owing to the return of most of last year's hockey team, we are looking forward to a very successful year, and have very high hopes of carrying off our group honours and of again being semi-finalists if not winners of the Junior O.H.A.

Our team is as usual entered in the S.P.A. Hockey League, our first game being with Varsity Juniors on December 12th, in order that they may get as much practice as possible in preparation for the Preparatory School Group in which our interest is chiefly centred.

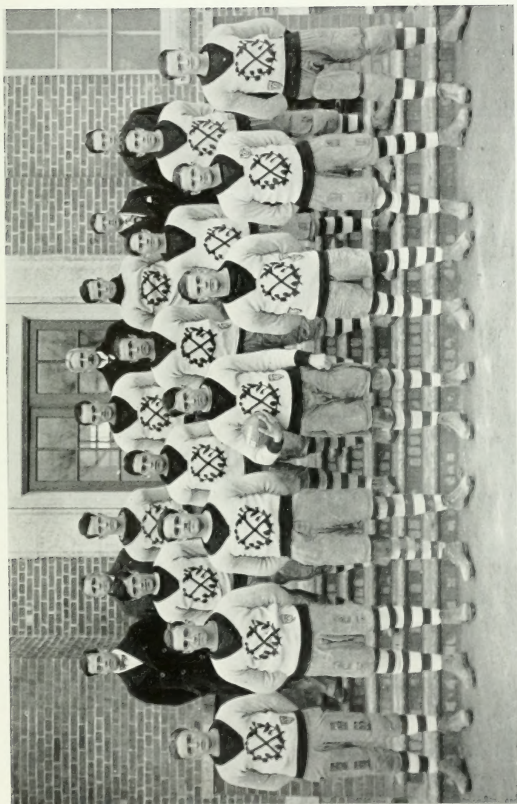
Although handicapped as we are by the distance of the school from Toronto, the team nevertheless journeys there on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturday morning to hold their practices at the Arena.

Harry Watson is again coaching the team, and with five old colours back and some good material from last year's juveniles, he ought to be able to build up just as fine a team as he did last year.

D. R. C.



IN FULL CRY!



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE FIRST RUGBY TEAM, 1926

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# FOOTBALL SEASON

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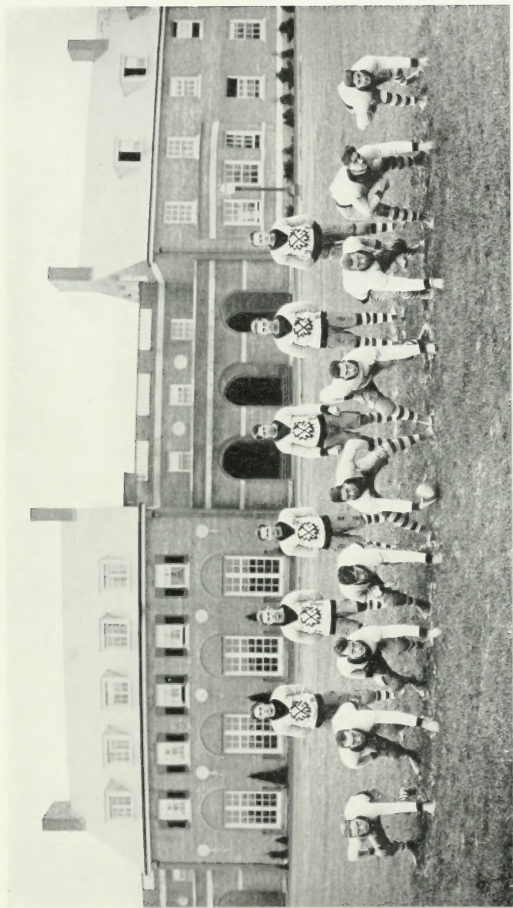
It is doubtful if we have ever had a more successful football season than the one just ended. Good material, coupled with excellent coaching, served to put us well to the fore, and we are now sitting on top of our little world with our second Championship in two years. Yes, we have undoubtedly done well. Neither the Firsts or the Seconds lost a game all season, the Thirds and Fourths also had their share of success, and the Fifths and Sixths were victorious in the majority of their games.

Even though we had the makings of a good team at the beginning of the season, too much credit cannot be given to Messrs. Cowan and Paisley for their excellent coaching. Mr. Paisley, or "Pep" as he is known, is the sole survivor of the famous "Ramsey, Paisley, Church" trio. Mr. Ramsey and Mr. Church both left the school last year to go into the business world, but their place was ably filled by Mr. Cowan, and as they both managed to make several trips up to the College to lend their valuable assistance to shaping up the team, their absence was not as keenly felt as it might otherwise have been.

We would like to take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation of the way in which they have shown their interest in the school, even though no longer active members.

## FIRST TEAM PERSONNEL

BROWN, I (JACK): Captain and Quarter. Third year on team. Experienced and plucky. Handled the team like a "pro" and set a fine example all season by his clean playing and hard tackling.



THE FIRST TEAM BATTLE LINE.

LOVERING (SONNY): Right Half. Steadiest man on team. A sure catch and runs and kicks with the best. A good line plunger and very useful on the second line of defence. Second year on the team.

SHEPPARD (JACK): Centre Half. Another old colour. Good all-round half-back. Catches and runs well and alternated with Lovering on the kicking.

MILLER (SHIFTY): Left Half. The third Musketeer of the back-field. One of the trickiest open- and broken-field runners in junior football. Third year on team.

HEGGIE (BOB): Flying Wing: An old Inside who was converted into a Flying Wing on account of his speed and tackling ability. Played well all season and justified the experiment. Also an old colour.

TAYLOR (CHINK): Centre Scrim. Came up from last year's Thirds and made the grade with ease. Tackles hard and often and snaps the ball with accuracy.

COLEMAN (JOHNNY): Scrim. Support. Another Recruit who made good with a vengeance. A hard tackler and one who tries hard all the way. Provided the thrill in the U.C.C. game when he made the big run of the day.

DUNLAP (MOFF): Scrim. Support. First year on team but has proved his worth. Stepped into the breach left by Slater in the T.S.C. game, and came through with an assortment of line plunges that astounded the natives.

LENTÈ (OCK): Left Inside. Another new addition to the team. A tower of strength on the line, where his tackling and plunging revived memories of "JO-JO" Stirret.

SLATER (DYS): Right Middle. An old colour who was disabled early in the Trinity game by an unfortunate injury to his shoulder. Starred in the U.C.C. game, where his tackling and his "beef" did much to bring us victory.

SCOTT (ERIC): Right Inside. A member of last year's team whose ability and experience were invaluable. A hard plunger himself, he knows how to bring down the opposing bucks.

ROLPH (DILAP): Left Middle. Another new colour. Filled his position capably and used his weight to very good advantage.

REID (ALFIE): Right Outside. Always tried hardest when the odds were against us. Very few men got around Alfie's end and many halves "bit the dust" as a result of his excellent tackling.

MERCER (MUCK): Left Outside. The lightest man on the team. Made up in aggressiveness and ability what he lacked in brawn. Teamed well with Reid and Taylor in getting down under the kicks.

HERALD (JACK): Scrim. Support. Got his chance in the T.C.S. game and made the most of it. Justified his inclusion on the team by his clean, hard tackling.]



## PRELIMINARY GAMES

Three practice games were played in preparation for the regular school schedule.

On September 25th we played Bloor Collegiate Seniors and came out on the heavy end of a 18-1 score. Miller, Lovering and Lentz stood out for St. Andrew's, while Spencer was the star of the visitors.

Our next engagement was on Monday, September 28th, when we successfully withstood an invasion by North Toronto C.I. The score, 24-1, just about indicates the play, as the visitors were at no time really dangerous.

Our first real battle came on Saturday, October 9th, when we journeyed to Toronto and there defeated Varsity Juniors, three-time champions of the Inter-collegiate Union. Kirkpatrick and Little shone for the Blue and White while Lovering, Miller and Sheppard did much to bring us victory by 18 to 10.

## THE U.C.C. GAME

On Saturday, October 23rd, the school in a body, invaded Toronto, in order to see the annual conflict with Upper Canada. Rumours of their strength had reached us from all sources, and everything seemed to point to a real battle. The day dawned bright and crisp, but soon clouded over, and the game was played under grey skies and amid occasional snow flurries. The weather did not prevent every man from giving his best, and the teams provided a very close, hotly-contested struggle.

### FIRST QUARTER

S.A.C. kicked off from the east end of the field against a slight wind. U.C.C. tried two bucks without success, and then kicked to Miller who made a fine run for 20 yards. An exchange of punts and a series of line-plunges placed us in possession on their 40 yard line. Our kick was returned, and the halves ran it back to their 20 yard line. On the next kick Mercer tackled the U.C.C. half just in front of his goal line. S.A.C. were penalized three times for offside, and when they did get the ball, passed it forward and lost it again. Doherty made a nice 25 yard run and placed the ball on our 35 yard line. The period ended with S.A.C. on their 30 yard line.

### SECOND QUARTER

During the first part of this period, U.C.C. forced the play, and by good booting and some well-executed line-plays kept us well bottled up within quarter-way. Miller and Sheppard were forced to run out several punts from behind our goal-line and about eight minutes after the beginning of the period, Sheppard was forced into touch behind his own line for the first score of the game: U.C.C. 1; S.A.C. 0. We then

began to force the play and for the next few minutes held U.C.C. well inside their 30 yard line. Some sloppy line-plays and a sudden epidemic of interference slowed up the game for a time. Then came the big thrill of the day. Heggie, tiring of all the tomfoolery that had been going on broke through and blocked a kick. Coleman, following him like his shadow, picked up the loose pig-skin and then became frightened at something. At any rate he began to ease himself Eastward at about 38 miles an hour. Doherty, travelling at 42, overtook him on the 20 yard line and wound himself around Coley's chest. The latter decided that this affair needed looking into, so he left the ball in "Dyce" Slater's care, while he himself looked into a another sort of matter. Slater tore across the U.C.C. goal in a terrible hurry, and S.A.C. was ahead by 5 points. Sheppard added another on the convert and then the boys had a rest until half-time.

#### THIRD QUARTER

Both teams entered the last half with that "wait-till-I-get-hold-of-you" look on their faces. Consequently the game became a wee bit strenuous in spots. Play was very close all through this stanza, with both back divisions making many fine runs. Sheppard and Miller combined for 20 yards and then Doherty and Bagshaw dashed 35 yards in a most unceremonious fashion. A group of line bucks and a fine kick placed the ball on their 15 yard line, but over-eagerness cost our boys 20 yards on offsides. Heggie made a nice run for 20 yards, but U.C.C. came right back with a dash for 18 yards on their first down. Lentz made yards several times on plunges and the period ended with the ball on U.C.C.'s 25 yard line.

#### FOURTH QUARTER

The last period was more or less a graceful conclusion to the game. U.C.C. tried hard but were never really dangerous. As a matter of





fact our team did not make much headway in this period either, seeming to content themselves with keeping U.C.C. at a safe distance from our goal. We did add two singles to our score, but that was just "rubbing it in". At the last of the period U.C.C. tried several very unsuccessful onsides, most of which were gathered in by our halves. The game ended with the score 8 to 1 in our favour.

#### LINE-UP

U.C.C.—Halves, Bagshaw, Doherty; quarter, Soper; Scrimmage, Rosseau, Farwell, McLeod; insides, Evans, Dewar; middles, McMillan, Henderson; outsides, Baker and Anderson; flying wing, Todd.

### THE TRINITY GAME

Our new Rugby-field was officially inaugurated on Saturday, October 30th, when T.C.S. came up from Port Hope with the set purpose of relieving us of the Little Big Four championship. The match, played under a leaden sky, and in a drizzling rain, was almost an exact replica of the battle down at Port Hope last year. During the first half our team could not seem to get organized, with the result that at half time the score was tied, 1-1. The last two periods, however, told an entirely different story. S.A.C. suddenly came to life and, aided by a rather lucky break, trod more or less rough-shod over the Trinity boys. We suffered a rather severe set-back early in the game when "Dyce" Slater, our star middle wing, burst a blood vessel in his arm and was forced to retire. A sub was put in, however, and we went on with enough strength in our line up to win comfortably.

#### FIRST QUARTER

The game commenced with St. Andrew's defending the north goal. T.C.S. kicked off with a slight wind behind them and the fight was on. On the first down for us, Slater, at middle for us, sustained an injury to his arm which necessitated his removal. Dunlap moved up from the scrimmage to take his place, and Herald was sent in from the sub-bench. Play was resumed with S.A.C. in possession twenty yards out, and for the next few minutes was very even, with T.C.S. kicking on every opportunity. Then we began to break through. On first down Lentz ploughed through for 10 yards. This was followed by S.A.C. gaining yards on 5 successive plays. Just when a touch seemed inevitable the ball was awarded to T.C.S. on offside. An attempt to boot out of danger was blocked by our line, but on the next try a high spiral was sent to Miller. He fumbled, and Trinity gained possession on our 20 yard line. Lentz broke through and blocked an attempt to kick for a point, but on the second down Sheppard was tackled behind the goal for the first score of the game. Shortly after this the period ended with T.C.S. leading by one point. Quarter time score, T.C.S. 1; S.A.C. 0.

## SECOND QUARTER

Early in this quarter T.C.S. booted one over our goal-line, but Sheppard ran it out of danger. We then began a kicking game and with the help of Lovering we drove the opposition to within striking distance of their goal. A splendid hoof by "Sonny" gave the outsides a chance to force a point and they were not found lacking. The way Mercer pulled down the T.C.S. half was a reminder of "Cap" Fear. That tied the affair up, and seemed to satisfy our boys for the time being, as they contented themselves with breaking up the Trinity bucks, and did not make much of an offensive. Half-time came with the ball at mid-field and the game deadlocked. Half time score, T.C.S. 1; S.A.C. 1.

## THIRD QUARTER

We kicked off to open the last half, and T.C.S. returned. After two bucks had failed, Sheppard tried a kick. Trinity came right back with a long, twisting, "high-sky". S.A.C. gained yards on three consecutive bucks, and then Brown eased himself through centre on a nice little fake kick. Play for the next few minutes was very even until Heggie gathered in a fumble and left space behind him for about 35 yards. He only stopped when he was safely parked behind the Trinity goal. This was a nice play but rather a lucky break for us. The touch was not converted, but it served to give our team more confidence, and proved the turning point. From then on it was almost entirely our game. Long punts by Lovering, a good run by Miller, and a nice series of plunges by Dunlap, brought us to within 15 yards of their line. An attempted drop by Sheppard went wide of the mark, but it was fumbled by the T.C.S. half. Coleman, proving himself "Johnny-on-the spot", spread himself around the neglected sphere and thusly boosted our score to 12. Sheppard added another for old time's sake on the convert and put us ahead by an even dozen points. After the kick-off Trinity tried a tackle behind goal but were called back for "no yards", and the attempt was wasted. Time was blown with the ball on our 30 yard line. Three-quarter time score, T.C.S. 1; S.A.C. 12.

## FOURTH QUARTER

Trinity again resorted to hoofing the ball in this period, and got away some beautiful, high spirals, but these were well taken care of by our halves, even though the rain, which had been falling steadily all through the last half made them rather difficult to handle. An exchange of punts gave T.C.S. the ball 20 yards from their goal. They kicked to Miller again, and that must have made him sore because he ran the ball back to their 10 yard line before he got tired and stopped.

Sheppard took up the torch on the next down and tore through the centre like a greased eel. The first T.C.S. knew about it was when they saw "Shep" reclining 'neath the goal posts with the ball tucked under his arm. From that point on it was merely a matter of waiting till the whistle blew for "time". Lovering kicked for a single, but apart from that the scorers were unmolested for the remainder of the game, although T.C.S. continued to fight hard right to the bitter end. Final score, T.C.S. 1; S.A.C. 18.

#### LINE-UP

*T.L.S.*—Halves, Lash, Biggar, Stone; quarter, Beatty; insides, Gwynn, Showan; middles, Stevenson, Cummings; scrim, Fische, Russell, Lazur; outsides, Burns, Campbell; subs., Bell, Winnett, Turner, Delmage, Somers.



"JACK" BROWN—FOOTBALL CAPTAIN 1926

## THE RIDLEY GAME

On Saturday, November 6th, we entertained B.R.C. First team in the final game of the Little Big Four season. Keeping up their reputation for gentlemanly behaviour, our guests did not leave with anything they had not brought, and consequently we still possess the championship. The game was the best of the season as far as weather was concerned, although it was a bit too cold for the comfort of the spectators. The Ridley boys came, heralded as demon tacklers, but did not live up to their reputation after the first quarter, and our halves got away to many good runs in the last half. Slater was unable to resume his position as middle wing, his injured arm not having responded to treatment. Dunlap started in his place, with Herald playing scrim., and both acquitted themselves with distinction. In this game we preserved our record of losing the first point, but, as before, it made no difference in the ultimate result, as Ridley faded badly after the first quarter, and our team won "going away".

### FIRST QUARTER

Ridley won the toss, and elected to defend the north goal. We kicked off against a strong wind and the battle was on. Right from the start Ridley began to play a kicking game, and aided by the breeze, soon forced us back on the defensive. Within five minutes they had scored one deadline, and added another point in short order, and in the same manner. Then play see-sawed back and forth, with neither team able to make much headway. Lovering took over the kicking duties from Sheppard, and succeeded in holding the Ridley team at bay until the end of the quarter. The B.R.C. line was holding remarkably well against our plunges, and were keeping us pretty well within quarter-way. The period ended with the ball on our 40 yard line and Ridley in the lead by two points. Quarter-time score, B.R.C. 2; S.A.C. 0.

### SECOND QUARTER

Taking advantage of the young cyclone which was blowing, Lovering hoofed a few punts far over the Ridley halves and we assumed the offensive. Ridley's lead was overcome in record time, and four more points were added for good measure, all the result of good work by "Sonny". Then Jack Brown threaded his way through the B.R.C. line for a touch, and the fun began in earnest. Both teams commenced to mix 't up a bit, and although no real damage was done, of course, boys will be boys. Both teams were too engrossed in the finer points of the game to bother about a trifle like scoring, so the quarter ended without further addition to either total. Half-time score, Ridley 2; S.A.C. 12.

## THIRD QUARTER

Play was much more even in this period, neither team making many big gains. However, Lovering got a little peeved about something and in a moment of passion tore across the Ridley line for another touch. Incidentally, this same individual, just to show his versatility, succeeded in outkicking the Ridley half, even though the wind was favouring the latter. The B.R.C. line appeared to be weakening in this quarter and yards were gained several times by our men on line plays. Lovering's touch, which Sheppard converted, placed the score at 18-2, where it remained for the rest of the period. Three-quarter-time Score, S.A.C. 18; B.R.C. 2.

## FOURTH QUARTER

Once again, the last quarter provided more of a graceful "finis" to the game than the exciting conclusion we so often read about. During the first five or ten minutes Ridley just went through the motions, but they came to life in the last half of the period and forced our men back on the goal line. Heggie scored a touch in this period and combined with Sheppard's convert, served to give us a lead of 22 points which we held to the end of the game, in spite of the determined efforts of Ridley to sweep us aside in a last minute rally. Final Score, S.A.C. 24 B.R.C. 2.

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LITTLE BIG FOUR NOTES

T.C.S. gave us the best game of the season.

We didn't score the first point in any of the three games.

Herald decidedly earned his colours.

The half-line starred in every game.

We had only four points scored against us in all three games.

None of the other teams in the group came out ahead in points scored (for and against).

Our team was accused of unnecessarily strenuous playing throughout the season, but several unprejudiced spectators were heard to remark that we were just as much sinned against as sinning, and in a great many cases, were given the rough end of the stick.

We are now ahead of B.R.C. in championships, for the first time since the league began in 1901.

T.C.S. look like the team to beat for the 1927 title, as all their players are young and a great many are due to be back for a couple of years.

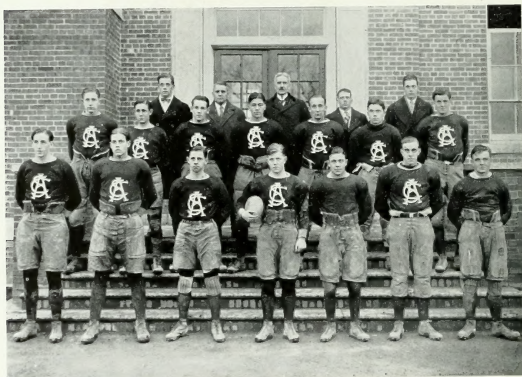
O. P. SMILY



## THE SECOND TEAM

The Seconds were unfortunate this year in that they were able to secure only two games all season, both of which were with Appleby School. They were, however, victorious in both these engagements and displayed no little knowledge of the fine points of the game.

The first of these two fixtures was played on our own grounds and resulted in a rather easy win for us. The Appleby team could not seem to make any headway against the excellent tackling of our wings, while our halves often combined for big gains around the ends. Coleman and Herald turned in nice games for S.A.C., with Booth starring for the visitors.



THE SECOND TEAM

The return game at Oakville, played on a wet, slippery field, was much more closely contested. During the first half our boys made the big mistake of taking themselves too seriously, and their opponents too lightly, with the result that they entered the third quarter facing an 11-point deficit. Some good kicking by Carson, combined with hard tackling all along the line, finally overcame the lead and the game ended with St. Andrew's on the heavy end of a 15-13 score.

Where the Seconds really shone, though, was against the Firsts, and it is indeed doubtful if the latter could ever have won the championship



had it not been for the opposition supplied every afternoon by the "Intermediates."

The following were granted colours:

Carson, Wilson, Young, Russell I, Knapp, Hunnisett, Lumbers, Smith, Murphy, MacLennan, Stronach, Borrow, Craig, Lough (Captain) McDougall.

### THE THIRD TEAM

This year's Thirds was composed, for the most part, of raw material, and consequently were not victorious as many times as the teams of former years. Inexperience, coupled with lack of good opposition from day to day, kept their record of wins below the average of other years. Nevertheless they managed to come out ahead in the games played, winning three, and being defeated in two.



THE THIRD TEAM

The first game was played almost before the team was organized, with the result that their opponents, North Toronto Juniors, rather easily defeated them. The score was 18-6, and was a fair indication of the play. Our wings seemed unable to hold their halves, and Richardson got away for many long runs. For us MacMillan, Detweiler and Brown

II played well on the line, while MacDougall and Shortly showed up well in the backfield.

The next engagement was when the Thirds journeyed to Port Hope and there defeated a team from T.C.S. by a score of 18-6. Our boys played a much better brand of rugby than that which they displayed against N.T.C.I. Detweiler pounded through for two touches and Shortly secured another.

Looking for fresh fields to conquer, the young hopefuls next made a trip to St. Catharines, intending to snow-under the lads from Ridley. Something held up the blizzard, however, and the boys returned home sadder and wiser men, after being whitewashed 9-0. The less said about that affair the better.

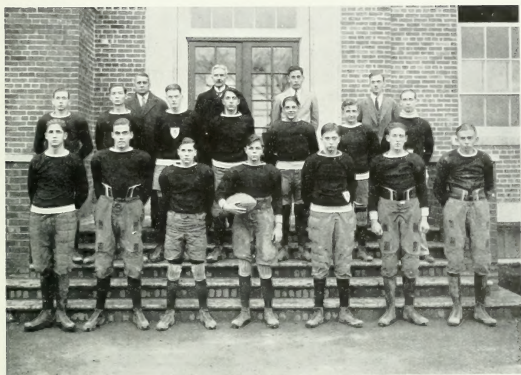
Trinity College then came up seeking Revenge, but he was not around that day and the Thirds added another win to their record, making a total of two. Detweiler and Shortly were again prominent, and MacLean also played a smart game.

The last game of the season was a mud-struggle against U.T.S., and our war-horses proved superior in the heavy going. Detweiler got peevish once and ran a good 30 yards before his anger abated, but Don MacLean provided the feature play with a nice little broken-field tear for eighty yards, which ended in a touch. Stronach, borrowed from the Seconds for the occasion, kicked and ran well on the half-line, and generally annoyed the stalwarts from Varsity School.

The following warriors received the white laurel leaf:

MacLean (Capt.), Shortly, Phinn, May I, Cox I, Detweiler, MacMillan, Marshall, Green, Gordon I, Giraldo, Dunkleman, Horsfall, Brown II, Fraser, Jackson, Barber.





THE FOURTH TEAM

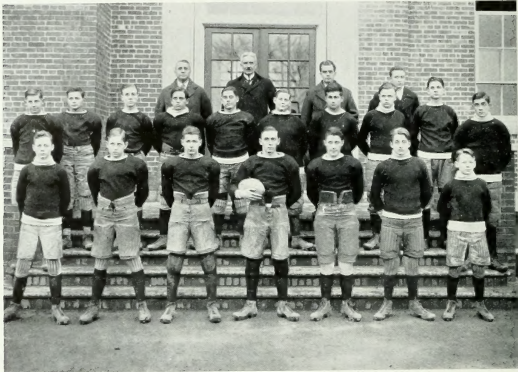
### THE FIFTH TEAM

The Fifth Team had only one game this year with another school owing to the difficulties in arranging games on the weight principle. While it seems difficult to find a suitable substitute for this system, we are, nevertheless, of the opinion that if the different schools came to a clearer understanding regarding the formation of their junior teams, much of the indefiniteness in fixing matches would be done away with, and also that there would never be so much danger of two teams playing a game which would result in a walk-over.

In spite of the lack of outside games the Fifth Team had a very interesting season this year. Our practices were all very successful, chiefly due to the fact that everyone turned out faithfully. We had several hotly contested games with the Fourths and Sixths. With the Fourths we carried on the old traditions of the "Fighting Fifts," emerging victors after a first half which went very much against us. The score was 10-2.

Our outside game was with a T.C.S. team made up of a combination of their Thirds and Fourths. We entered the field a little over-confident, and when our opponents opened the game by attacking for all that was in them, we were just a bit non-plussed. Our line was not holding so

well and every one of their bucks was a ground-gainer. The last half was a hard fight against mud, rain, snow and an opposing half-line which had a perfected end-run. We came off without having scored and with 28 against us. But it was a great game in spite of that. The only serious casualty was Helm's broken nose.



THE FIFTH TEAM

There is not space enough to speak of the merits of each individual member of the Fifth Team. Suffice it to say that every man played the game from the beginning of the season to the end. Our greatest laurel, at least so we think, comes from our victory over the fourths. They were a good many pounds heavier than we were. Also we are very proud of the fact that our great linesman, Cosgrave, established a new record in the consumption of chocolate bars.

C. A. ACRES.

### THE SIXTH TEAM

This year the sixth team went through one of the best seasons it has had for many years. Although we played only two games, both with Trinity, everybody was satisfied with the way we upheld our school tradition.

The first match was played on our grounds. After sixty minutes of hard playing, we finished on top, the score being 22-10. In this match our halves, Burns, Russell II, and Turnbull II were outstanding.

The return game was played on a wet and slippery field, unsuitable for football. This time we were defeated by the score of 16-14. It is said that St. Andrew's do not start to play until they are behind. This is certainly true of the Sixths. In the first game we did not start to play until T.C.S. were six points in the lead. In the second fixture the score



THE SIXTH TEAM

was 14-4 against us at the end of the third period; but we came back with all that was in us only just a little too late to win. When the final whistle blew the score stood 16-14.

In both games Robertson and Hume played excellently and they were our surest tackles.

Considering the lack of suitable weather the team, as a whole, did very well. The following received colours:

Scythes, Burns, Cotrelle, Bascom, Robinson, May II, Barron, White II, Coryell, Vale, Cameron, Sprott and Macdonald I.

M. F. SPROTT.



## THE LOWER SCHOOL FOOTBALL SEASON

The season just ended was the most successful for many years in Lower School Rugby. The "under-fourteen" team won the three games which they played, and the junior team carried the day without very much trouble in their one game.

Our first match was with Appleby IIrds. It was played on their grounds and resulted in an interesting if rather one-sided game. From the beginning we took the lead, when Russell IV kicked to the dead-line. One of the most outstanding features of the game was the tackling of our outside Robertson. He managed to break through on nearly every play and down his man. Turnbull played very well and deserved the touch which he scored. The final score was 20-0 in our favour.



THE LOWER SCHOOL TEAM

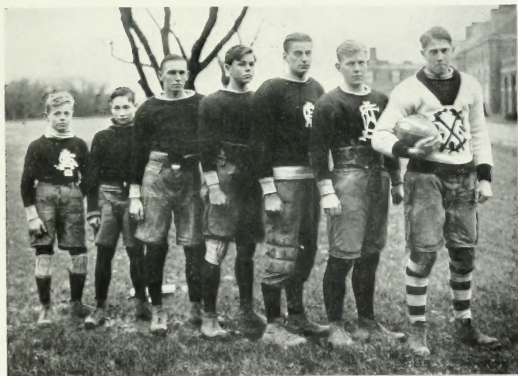
The next game on our schedule was at Trinity College School. The team was a little over-confident in this game, but we managed to come out on the long end of a 11-7 score. Russell IV, our captain, quartered the team very well and also starred in his own plays. T.C.S. scored a touch before we had been playing many minutes, but we recovered and by half-time we were leading. The last half was very exciting. T.C.S. broke away several times, but they never succeeded in getting past our very efficient half line.



Slingsby played an excellent game at half. He is only handicapped by his lack of weight, which handicap he practically overcomes by his speed and his nerve. Barclay, Rea, Stronach, Grant, Ogsbury, Sprott, May and Turnbull showed greater promise than ever before. With such junior stars as these we have every right to look for big things from the first team that we will put into the field four or five years hence.

The return game played on our grounds resulted in another victory. Rea distinguished himself by twice stealing a loose ball and running for a touch. Russell IV, as usual, played a brilliant game. In spite of the fact that the ground was very muddy and slippery there were very few fumbles. This is the second year in succession that we have won both games from the Junior School at Trinity College.

PARKER.



THE SCHOOL CAPTAINS 1926

## RUGBY ANALYSIS

## LITTLE BIG FOUR STANDING, 1926

	Won	Lost
S.A.C.....	3	0
T.C.S.....	2	1
B.R.C.....	1	2
U.C.C.....	0	3

## CHAMPIONSHIPS

S.A.C.....	8
B.R.C.....	7
U.C.C.....	5
T.C.S.....	4

St. Andrew's has played 77 games in the Little Big Four. Of these we have won 51, lost 24, and tied 2.

## SUMMARY OF GAMES PLAYED

With		Won	Lost	Tied
U.C.C.....	27	17	10	0
B.R.C.....	26	15	9	2
T.C.S.....	24	19	5	0

## SCHOOL RECORD FOR 1926

	Won	Lost
Firsts.....	6	0
Seconds.....	2	0
Thirds.....	3	2
Fourths.....	0	1
Fifths.....	0	1
Sixths.....	1	1
Lower School.....	3	0

## POINTS

	For	Against	Games
Firsts.....	110	15	6
Seconds.....	29	17	2
Thirds.....	52	45	5
Fourths.....	1	23	1
Fifths.....	0	28	1
Sixths.....	36	26	2
Lower School.....	31	7	3

## LITTLE BIG FOUR

S.A.C.....	50	3
T.C.S.....	22	33
B.R.C.....	19	32
U.C.C.....	14	41

S.A.C. was the only team in the L.B.F. to finish the 1926 season ahead in points.

This is the first time that we have ever been ahead of Ridley in Championships won.



## YEARLY RESULTS

1901—S.A.C. .... 1	U.C.C. .... 3	*1914—S.A.C. .... 39	T.S.C. .... 5
		S.A.C. .... 40	B.R.C. .... 6
		S.A.C. .... 98	U.C.C. .... 7
L.B.F.			
1902—S.A.C. .... 8	T.S.C. .... 3	*1915—S.A.C. .... 15	B.R.C. .... 15
S.A.C. .... 9	B.R.C. .... 3	S.A.C. .... 33	U.C.C. .... 6
S.A.C. .... 1	U.C.C. .... 24	S.A.C. .... 14	T.C.S. .... 7
1903—S.A.C. .... 12	T.C.S. .... 6		
S.A.C. .... 6	B.R.C. .... 1	1916—S.A.C. .... 15	U.C.C. .... 2
S.A.C. .... 6	U.C.C. .... 8	S.A.C. .... 13	T.C.S. .... 8
		S.A.C. .... 1	B.R.C. .... 28
1904—S.A.C. .... 2	U.C.C. .... 9		
S.A.C. .... 16	B.R.C. .... 10	1917—S.A.C. .... 19	T.C.S. .... 14
S.A.C. .... 53	T.C.S. .... 1	S.A.C. .... 10	B.R.C. .... 18
		S.A.C. .... 5	U.C.C. .... 21
1905—S.A.C. .... 5	B.R.C. .... 16		
S.A.C. .... 28	T.C.S. .... 0	*1918—S.A.C. .... 13	U.C.C. .... 0
S.A.C. .... 8	U.C.C. .... 2	S.A.C. .... 13	U.C.C. .... 2
1906—S.A.C. .... 9	B.R.C. .... 23		
S.A.C. .... 46	T.C.S. .... 6	1919—S.A.C. .... 10	B.R.C. .... 12
S.A.C. .... 23	U.C.C. .... 6	S.A.C. .... 10	U.C.C. .... 4
		S.A.C. .... 10	T.C.S. .... 1
*1907—S.A.C. .... 27	B.R.C. .... 11		
S.A.C. .... 15	U.C.C. .... 14	1920—S.A.C. .... 6	U.C.C. .... 18
S.A.C. .... 51	T.C.S. .... 22	S.A.C. .... 32	T.C.S. .... 1
		S.A.C. .... 6	B.R.C. .... 6
1908—S.A.C. .... 5	T.C.S. .... 29	* 1921—S.A.C. .... 54	T.C.S. .... 5
S.A.C. .... 0	U.C.C. .... 20	S.A.C. .... 15	B.R.C. .... 6
S.A.C. .... 28	B.R.C. .... 7	S.A.C. .... 26	U.C.C. .... 11
*1909—S.A.C. .... 50	B.R.C. .... 18		
S.A.C. .... 11	U.C.C. .... 6	1922—S.A.C. .... 1	B.R.C. .... 13
S.A.C. .... 54	T.C.S. .... 0	S.A.C. .... 11	U.C.C. .... 6
		S.A.C. .... 13	T.C.S. .... 1
1910—S.A.C. .... 29	B.R.C. .... 0	*1923—S.A.C. .... 13	U.C.C. .... 11
S.A.C. .... 12	U.C.C. .... 3	S.A.C. .... 50	T.C.S. .... 0
S.A.C. .... 3	T.C.S. .... 14	S.A.C. .... 19	B.R.C. .... 13
1911—S.A.C. .... 10	T.C.S. .... 12		
S.A.C. .... 21	B.R.C. .... 9	1924—S.A.C. .... 12	T.C.S. .... 5
S.A.C. .... 5	U.C.C. .... 29	S.A.C. .... 15	B.R.C. .... 1
		S.A.C. .... 11	U.C.C. .... 18
1912—S.A.C. .... 12	U.C.C. .... 19		
S.A.C. .... 0	T.C.S. .... 30	*1925—S.A.C. .... 12	U.C.C. .... 6
S.A.C. .... 18	B.R.C. .... 33	S.A.C. .... 24	T.C.S. .... 2
		S.A.C. .... 14	B.R.C. .... 4
*1913—S.A.C. .... 16	U.C.C. .... 11		
S.A.C. .... 22	T.C.S. .... 6	*1926—S.A.C. .... 8	U.C.C. .... 1
S.A.C. .... 15	B.R.C. .... 9	S.A.C. .... 18	T.C.S. .... 1
		S.A.C. .... 24	B.R.C. .... 2

S.A.C. has not stood below second for nine years.

\*Championship.

## L.B.F. CHAMPIONSHIPS

1902—U.C.C.

## L.B.F. CHAMPIONSHIPS

1902—U.C.C.

1903—Ridley.

1904—U.C.C.

1905—Ridley.

1906—Ridley.

1907—St. Andrew's.

1908—T.C.S.

1909—St. Andrew's.

1910—T.C.S.

1911—T.C.S.

1912—Ridley.

1913—St. Andrew's.

1914—St. Andrew's.

1915—St. Andrew's-Ridley.

1916—Ridley.

1917—U.C.C.

1918—Influenza epidemic.

1919—Ridley.

1920—U.C.C.

1921—St. Andrew's.

1922—Ridley.

1923—St. Andrew's.

1924—U.C.C.

1925—St. Andrew's.

1924—U.C.C.

1925—St. Andrew's.

1926—St. Andrew's.

## COLLEGE II vs. U.C.C. II

1910—U.C.C. .... 0 S.A.C. .... 6\*

1911—U.C.C. .... 20 S.A.C. .... 1

1912—U.C.C. .... 4 S.A.A. .... 11\*

1913—U.C.C. .... 7 S.A.C. .... 11\*

1914—U.C.C. .... 1 S.A.C. .... 24\*

1915—U.C.C. .... 3 S.A.C. .... 17\*

1916—U.C.C. .... 17 S.A.C. .... 8

1917—U.C.C. .... 14 S.A.C. .... 15\*

1918—U.C.C. .... 0 S.A.C. .... 8\*

1921—U.C.C. .... 16 S.A.C. .... 7

U.C.C. .... 25 S.A.C. .... 11

1922—U.C.C. .... 5 S.A.C. .... 29\*

1923—U.C.C. .... 0 S.A.C. .... 12\*

1924—U.C.C. .... 8 S.A.C. .... 11\*

1925—U.C.C. .... 3 S.A.C. .... 26

1926—No game.

S.A.C. won 11.

U.C.C. won 4.



SOME OF THE STALWARTS.

### "PRIZE-DAY" IN RHYME

'Twas great honour for our College,  
 To receive a gracious call  
 From the noble Viscount Willingdon,  
 That rainy day this fall.

It was the wondrous Prize-day,  
 With the houses decked out bright  
 And many a noble flag and flower—  
 It made a pretty sight.

The school was all excitement,  
 The boys were all agog,  
 And keenly anxious on this day  
 That none should "slip a cog."

Everything passed off smoothly,  
 The guard paraded well,  
 Then the buildings were inspected  
 'Till sounded the luncheon bell.

But the biggest part of the programme  
 Was to come in the afternoon,  
 For then would be given the prize awards,  
 With speeches to follow soon.

\* \* \* \* \*

The gym. was crammed and crowded,  
 The people came and came,  
 But think how many *would* have come  
 If there had been no rain!

\* \* \* \* \*

At last the programme had begun—  
 The Viscount gave us cause  
 To see, when he had made his speech,  
 What a real "good egg" he was!

\* \* \* \* \*

And so the day passed happily  
 For all who were concerned,  
 Only the masters felt regret  
 For what we had not learned.\*

F. W

\*The allusion is apparently to the loss of an afternoon's work—a case of poetic licence.—Ed.





The majority of the magazines which we have received since our last issue have been up to their usual high standard from a literary and artistic standpoint. The receipt of such magazines as these give the Exchange Editor much pleasure.

This year we have moved to our new School at Aurora, Ontario, carrying with us all our old high standards and traditions linked together with the ambition to grow bigger and better as the years go on.

Here let us congratulate all those schools who are starting a school magazine and express the best wishes for every success in the coming years.

Photographs and humorous sketches go a long way towards making a successful school or college paper.

We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges:

<i>Acadia Athenaeum</i> .....	Acadia University
<i>Acta Ridleiana</i> .....	Ridley College, St. Catharines
<i>Ashburian</i> .....	Ashbury College, Ottawa
<i>Blue and White</i> .....	Rothesay Collegiate School
<i>B.C.S.</i> .....	Bishops' College School
<i>Hi-Times</i> .....	Corry High School
<i>Hermes &amp; The Salt Shaker</i> .....	Nutana Collegiate, Saskatoon
<i>High School Citizen</i> .....	Dunkirk High School, N.Y.
<i>Horae Scholasticae</i> .....	St. Paul's School
<i>Loyola Review</i> .....	Loyola College, P.Q.
<i>McGill Daily</i> .....	McGill University, Montreal
<i>Odds and Ends</i> .....	Detroit Northwestern High School
<i>The Mitre</i> .....	University of Bishops College
<i>The Eagle</i> .....	Bedford Modern School, England
<i>The Vigornian</i> .....	Worcester Cathedral Kings' School, England
<i>The Windsorian</i> .....	Kings' College School, Windsor, N.S.
<i>The Wulfrunian</i> .....	Wolverhampton School, England
<i>The College Times</i> .....	Upper Canada College

*The Trinity University**Review*.....U. of T.*The Vulcan*.....Central Technical School, Toronto*The Black and Gold*.....St. Johns' College School, Winnipeg*The Wolf Howl*.....Sudbury H.T.S. Literary Society*The Red and Grey*.....The Canadian Academy, Kobe, Japan*The University of Toronto**Monthly*.....Toronto*Vox Collegii*.....Ontario Ladeis' College, Whitby*The University of Toronto*

W. D. S.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE HUNT.



# OLD BOYS' NEWS

(We should be glad to receive items for this department from friends of the school.)

Messrs. Allan Ramsey and Frank Church have joined Mr. Derbyshire on the staff of the Imperial Oil Co.

Our old friend, Mr. "Pop" Palmer is conducting a flourishing school for junior boys on Elm Avenue, Rosedale.

Herbert K. Patterson, recently of Winnipeg, has just been appointed Sales Manager for Kelvinator of Canada, Ltd., with headquarters at London, Ont. After leaving school Patterson was with the Canadian Northern Railway, and later with Miller and Richard, printers' supplies, of Toronto and Winnipeg.

Harold A. Somerville, who has been connected with the A. E. Ames and Co., for the past six and a half years, has been admitted to partnership with Messrs S. R. MacKellar & Co., of Toronto.

J. M. Duncan, who has been with the Hydro-Electric System of Toronto, is leaving on September 1st for Syracuse, N.Y., where he will be with the Atmospheric Nitrogen Corporation.

Dr. George Anderson, of the Toronto Juvenile Court, to whom the Rockefeller Foundation has awarded a six months' travelling scholarship in psychiatry, has gone to London, England, where he will study under Professor Cyril Burt, psychiatrist under the London County Council. An interesting feature of the award is that, although its donor is an American institution, it has been conferred on a Canadian, whose work under the scholarship will be entirely within the British Empire.

Joe Taylor has received the appointment of British manager of the Canada Life Assurance Company, Ottawa.

Rev. Gray Eakins has received an appointment as Curate at St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, Ont.

Donald Murray Sinclair is with the C. P. R. in Shanghai, China.

Goodwin Harris, of the firm of John Stark & Co., has been elected a member of the newly-formed Montreal Curb Market. The curb, which

has 100 seats, has been opened in the C.P.R. Telegraph Bldg., at Montreal.

Eric Kent Clarke, former psychiatrist to the Toronto Department of Health, has been appointed Assistant Professor of Medicine, and head of the department of Psychiatry at the University of Rochester.

A very interesting letter was received by the Headmaster last summer from one of our Old Boys, George W. MacKay, Principal of Tamsui Boarding School for Boys, Formosa. The following quotations are specially interesting:—

Our new school was completed last year. We have room for 250 boarders and classrooms for 300. . . . When the school was formally opened last summer. . . . the many presents which the school had received were displayed, and none was so much admired and spoken of as the ST. ANDREW'S CUP, which the boys themselves put in the most conspicuous place. Perhaps the St. Andrew's boys will be interested to know that a son of a Presbyterian minister won the Championship in two successive years. His name, Keh Khetik, is now engraved on the cup. The following are some of his records: Broad jump, 18 ft. 4 in.; high jump, 5 ft.; pole vault, 10 ft. I am enclosing his picture.



P.S.—The enclosed cheque for \$25.00 is from our Tamsui Middle School boys. When they heard that a "Memorial House" was to be built at St. Andrew's, in memory of her boys who fell in the war, they at once said they would like to have a share in the building of this memorial. They wish me to convey to you and the boys their hearty greetings.

### McGILL NOTES

CONTRIBUTED BY S. B. WOOD.

Congratulations to D. H. Ellis on his M.Sc. degree.

J. V. Russell has been elected Vice-President of the McGill Music Club. He is also president of his Class, Arts '27.

R. J. Cameron played his fourth season as right half-back on the McGill first football team.

S. B. Wood was manager of the McGill Intermediate team.

C. E. Lewis is manager of the McGill Swimming team.

Dr. "Dud" Ross was captain of the McGill Old-Boys' Team.

### BIRTHS

LOWNDES—On Wednesday, June 30, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. Erle B. Lowndes, a son.

DAVIS—July, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. Lee Davis, Pasadena, California, a daughter.

WILDMAN—On July 16, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Wildman, of Grand Rapids, Mich., a son (James Rodger).

WEMYSS—On July 18, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Wemyss, of Neepawa, Man., a daughter (Jean Margaret).

BARCLAY—On Tuesday, July 27, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Christie Barclay, a daughter.

FLETCHER—On Thursday, July 29, 1926, to Dr. and Mrs. Almon Fletcher, Toronto, a daughter.

GRANT—To Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Fraser Grant, Toronto, on Friday, July 30, 1926, a son.

FERGUSON—August 18, to Mr. and Mrs. Neil C. Fergusson, 181 Glenrose Avenue, Toronto, a daughter.

LIGHTBOURN—On August 6, to Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Lightbourn, (Margaret Morton) Bermuda, a son, who has since died.

The School offers Mrs. and Mrs. Lighburn sincere sympathy in their sorrow.

BOWDEN—To Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bowden, Lansing, Ont., on August 13, 1926, a son.

GARTSHORE—September 1st, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Stanley Gartshore, a son.

WILKES—September 2, to Mr. and Mrs. F. Hilton Wilkes, a son.

MACDOUGALL—To Mr. and Mrs. Jack W. MacDougall, on August 24, Vancouver, a son.

RUTTER—September 20, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. Guy W. Rutter, Toronto, a daughter.

GILLESPIE—On September 20, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Gillespie, a son.

MONTGOMERY—On September 1, 1926, to Dr. and Mrs. Lorne C. Montgomery, of Montreal, a daughter.

WHITAKER—On October 12, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. Ewart G. Whitaker, a daughter (Ellen Joyes).

HAMILTON—On November 2, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kent Hamilton, a daughter.

PHIPPEN—On November 13, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Phippen, of Sarnia, a son (Louis John).

COOCH—At Hamilton, on November 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Harold A. Cooch, a daughter.

### MARRIAGES

NERLICH—PURVIS—On Saturday, June 12, Louis H. Nerlich to Miss Winnifred Purvis of Toronto.

EARLE—DYER—On Wednesday, September 1, 1926, Ronald S. Earle to Miss Edith Vyvyan Dyer.

SOMERS—TEMPLE—On Saturday, September 11, 1926, Charles Wilfred Somers to Miss Isobel Ridley Temple.

MCEACHERN—VANSTONE—On Saturday, September 11, 1926, Dr. J. M. McEachern, of Milwaukee, to Miss Jean Vanstone, of Wingham, Ont.

MILTON—LYONS—On August 25, 1926, Allan J. Milton to Miss Florence Mae Lyons, of Kamloops, B.C.

AULD—McFAUL—On September 25, 1926, Archie S. Auld to Miss Edith May McFaul, of Collingwood, Ont.

SYER—FLINT—On October 1, 1926, Ralph E. Syer to Miss Mary Flint, of New York City.

GOUINLOCK—BAIRD—On October 8, 1926, Roper Gouinlock to Miss Jean Palmer Baird, of Toronto.

DINGMAN—EDWARDS—On October 16, 1926, Robert Eric Dingman to Miss Margaret C. Edwards, of New York City.

SMITH—GORDON—On Tuesday, November 2, E. Gerald Smith to Miss Marjorie Irene Gordon, of Toronto.

MITCHELL—On November 5th, 1926, to Dr. and Mrs. Harold C. Mitchell, Grand Rapids, Mich., a daughter.

### DEATH

COPPING—On Thursday, September 2, at his late residence, 140 Silver Birch Ave., Toronto, and late of Peterborough, Ont., Russell V. Copping, beloved husband of Hattie Copping, formerly of Collingwood, in his 36th year.

### AN OLD COPY OF THE "REVIEW" WANTED

Miss D. W. Brookes writes us:

Would you be good enough to put a note in the Christmas Number of the REVIEW, stating if any Old Boys happen to have a copy of the Christmas REVIEW, 1921, we would be glad to have same in the office here. An Old Boy has asked for it, but we thought it would be better to have it sent to the school.



## LOWER SCHOOL NOTES

There has only been one near tragedy in Flavelle House this term. Barker was lost the other day. After a long search he was found to be asleep in one of James' shoes.

Acres says that he is very much afraid that the New Year will not arrive on time. Don't worry, Acres, the disease is not contagious.

One of our greatest claims to fame is the way we had it arranged so that Bodkin's hair would blend with the flowers on Prize Day.

### "LIT" NOTES

Since the Lower School Lit Miss Barclay has been the talk of the town. Case thinks she smokes so sweetly.

Sinclair handled the meeting with consummate ease and his opening remarks were most intelligently apropos.

Acres never does seem to get his due credit. On this occasion we wish to make a public expression of thanks to him for the very efficient and self-sacrificing manner in which he devoted his valuable time and boundless energy to the directing of the performance.

The anonymous author of the Aurora-Valencia Aria most certainly deserves a mention here.

Seriously speaking, we do indeed thank Mr. Guest for giving up so much of his time to the preparation of a most valuable and profitable evening.

### THE CROSS COUNTRY

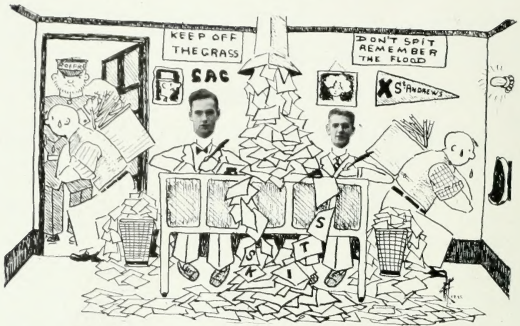
Russell IV was this year's popular winner and he deserves our heartiest congratulations—especially since this is his second victory.

Rea II dropped a wrench in the pari-mutual machinery when he came in second. Good boy Rea! We always knew you'd fool 'em!

Chubb had the advantage of extra training due to his long walk to school. Not only did he capture 3rd place in the junior run, but also he gave the leading seniors a race for their money.

Tommy Gordon was worrying the leaders. But apparently he stopped to give Straith II a lift. It is our own private opinion that Tommy has enough weight of his own to carry around.

# SKITS



Miss Brookes (at the telephone, ordering supplies to druggists)  
"Have you any Life-buoy?"

Druggist: "Just set the pace, lady, and I'll follow."

Mr. Wood—You know, R——, a chip on the shoulder often advertises  
the fact of more wood higher up!

Mr. Stone: "Is that your cigarette butt, there?"

Horsfall: "Go ahead, sir. You saw it first."

Hunnisett says a rounded plateful often makes a square meal.

Valentine: "I just got 50% in an Intelligence-test."

Batchelor—"Congratulations. You are now a half-wit."

Enthusiastic music student—Do you like Beethoven's works, Don  
Carlos?

Don Carlos—I've never seen them.

Mercer has discovered where his lap goes when he stands up. He  
says it sneaks around behind and appears, under an assumed name.

Taylor claims Moffat II is such a liar that he has to get some one else  
to call his dog to dinner.

"My end draws nigh," said Smith, as Lentz bent him double on the wrestling mat.

---

The authorities at Branksome Hall decided to make a drive for new pupils. It is understood that the removal of S.A.C. to Aurora has caused a considerable falling off in attendance.

---

Phin: "My father is in the coal business."

Murphy: "Zat so? What branch?"

Phin: "Oh, he removes the ashes."

---

Hereafter we shall call Mr. Chapman "Action," for every one strips for him.



Lumbers (to fair damsel)—Oh, I adore you. I think you're perfect. I love your hair, your teeth, your nose, and oh! those eyes; those lovely, beautiful eyes. I think your eyes are heavenly.

Maiden: Oh, now you're exaggerating.

Lumbers (doggedly): Well, anyway your right eye is good.

---

Mr. Laidlaw in History—Give for one year the total number o' tons of coal shipped out of North America.

Phynas—In 1497, none, sir.

---

Mr. Gregory (to farmer): What's that new building you just put up?

Farmer: "Well if I can rent it, it's a bungalow; if I can't, it's a barn."

---

Gordy Rolph is a great singer—there's no getting away from it.

Murphy—Do you like Jewish ice cream?

Foster—What's that?

Murphy—Ice cream Cohens.

Mr. Fleming—All I can see Phin is chew, chew, chew.

Phin—That helps my train of thought, sir.

Voice from back of room—All aboard.

It's too bad Reid was left outside during the football season, but towards the end Mercer was right outside.



Romance—As it was.

## SOCIETY ITEMS

Maestro Yosef Blow, well-known gasso profundo, entertained a small number of friends at a private recital yesterday afternoon. Among the numbers with which he delighted the gathering was the famous refrain from *Expectoration*. He also rendered with great pathos several of the "Red Riding Hood" airs and ended up with a splendid interpretation of a Spaniard having his hair cut, entitled "The Barber of Seville." Light refreshments, consisting of Black Beans and skim milk, were served to the guests at the conclusion of the musicale.

A charming event of last week was the delightfully-arranged grub-struggle given by Miss Olaf MacLennan at the Iroquois Hotel, in honour of Miss Weiner Lough, one of the season's "debs." The hostess looked stunning in a chic creation of red and white checkered burlap trimmed with shredded wheat and onion-skins. She wore a bouquet of garlic and was presented by the guests, with a quart bottle of Listerine.

Miss Lough was niftily attired in a becoming gown of transparent yellow cheese-cloth. She avoided a riot with great tact by keeping her coat on during the entire afternoon. The affair broke up when Miss Heggie, one of the guests, was hit on the head with an axe during a Wet-Dry discussion.



Romance—1926 Model.

It was with great sorrow that true lovers of the beautiful learned of the retirement of Opsie Smily from Art circles. The day previous to Lord Willingdon's visit, a few intimate friends were treated to a last view of the many priceless works, which have hitherto adorned the walls of Mr. Smily's palatial residence. It is understood that at least one member of the Vice-Regal party has purchased a number of the master pieces. One, a portrait of a Dancer in a pensive mood, has been sold for a small fortune, and the famous study of Lois Moran is expected to bring the owner a tidy sum.

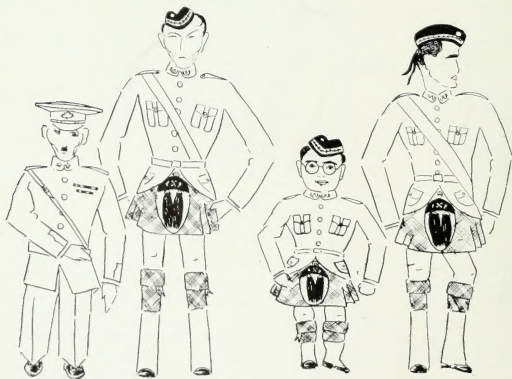
Mr. Walter D. Squires was the guest of honour at a dinner given by the New Boys last Monday evening in Bowles' Grill Room. Mr. Donald Bowman, speaking for the hosts, assured "Buddy," as he is familiarly known, that he and his associates were with him (Buddy) to the last man. In conclusion, Mr. Bowman, on behalf of the New Boys, presented Mr. Squires with three yards of rope and gallon of arsenic as a mark of their feelings toward him.

### SPORTING NOTES

Willie O'Lentz, famous diver and aquatic star, is in town. He is going to attempt a feat unparalleled in the history of the world—that of diving from the top of the Royal Bank Building into a bath-tub. Mr. Ben. J. Humphries will attend Mr. O'Lentz in his daring act.

Gibson Craig, potential Badminton star, declares that many easy points can be picked up in the course of a game by the simple process of throwing pepper into the opponent's face as he is about to make a shot

Len Lumbers, local prize-fighter, is in hard training for his coming bout with "Gentle" Gene Tunney. Mr. Lumbers says he is confident of defeating his more experienced opponent as long as nobody removes the chloroform from his gloves.



The Awkward Squad.



### THINGS WE CAN'T IMAGINE

The swimming-pool open all week.  
 John Turnbull at an afternoon tea.  
 Mr. Flemming without statistics.  
 Barney Calvert with a tie on.  
 "Weas" Moffatt without medicine.  
 Dave Marshall without a crease in his trousers.  
 Dr. Macdonald without a wing collar.  
 Lovering without Mercer.  
 Lumbers speechless.  
 Jack Herald caught in the act.  
 Craig without a "wise-crack."  
 Hugh Wilson asking to have the Grace said in Greek instead of Latin.  
 Gravy and butter at dinner.

---

### "OVERHEARD ON THE RADIAL"

"And so I says to her I says, You listen here to me, young lady I says Yo u're doin' too much gaddin' around lately I says, Why can't you stay in and spend a quiet night in the house for a change I says, and she says. . . ."—"The nerve of him! He walks right up to me and says, 'Pardon me, Miss, but haven't we met somewhere before?' Well, say, you should of seen the look I give him. . . ."—"That there car'll do her forty mile an hour and don't let anyone tell you different. I never see sich a car for climbin' hills. Why, take there the other day. . . ."—"And we're going to have bootleggers anyway, and what I say is—'Let's have a place where you can get the stuff and be sure it isn't kerosene.'"—"Why, Harold, why do you say a thing like that? You know that I've only been out with him twice and I'm sure there was nothing to get mad about. . . ."—"And, Mamie, he's the grandest dancer you ever saw. When we're steppin' together—honestly, Mamie, I think I'm in . . . ."

### SOME OF THE MORE RECENT PUBLICATIONS

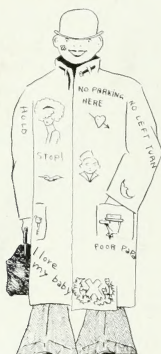
The Dashaway Boys in Africa—Bridgman and Cameron.  
 Hollywood—Chester Macdonald.  
 The Country Gentleman—George May.  
 The Aristocrats—Case and Candler.  
 Cave of the Winds—Bridgman.  
 The Life of a Human Fly—Argue.  
 The Sunkist Boy from Ireland—Bodkin.

This term's hero: The boy who looked for his medicine after it had been mislaid.

Speaking of medicine,—Stronach II certainly started something when he got chicken pox.

Duncan tried to get leave to see Santa Claus last Saturday, but Straith II told him there ain't no such thing!

Don Wright has somewhere picked up the idea that French is a new kind of breakfast food.



**The Average Boy.**

Red Hot Edmonds and his "Doo-da-doodle-a" orchestra are coming to Aurora soon.

Apparently Straith II thought that the corss-country was a game of hide-and-seek.

Gordon I denies flatly that he has been offered big money to act as a decoy for T. K. Bigson's gorilla hunting expedition to Africa.

Macdonald I wants to know how to spell O.T.A.

Mr. Laidlaw: France has never been able to conquer England because they could not cross the Channel.

Sprott: Why didn't they swim, sir?

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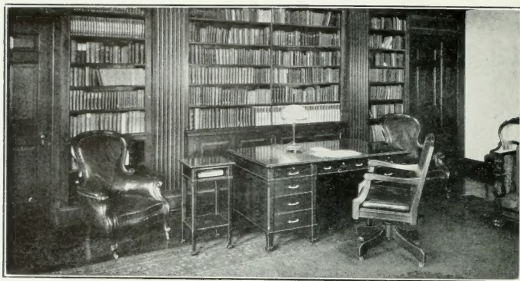
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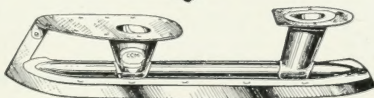
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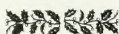
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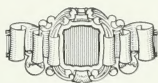


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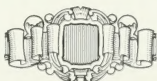
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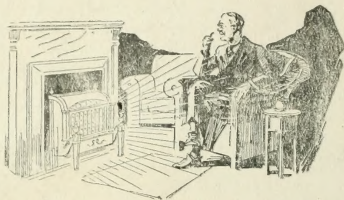
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